

27 PAGES  
OF TV....

# SICK

50¢

CHARLTON  
PUBLICATIONS

DECEMBER 1977

CDC 00159

VIOLENCE!  
VIOLENCE!  
VIOLENCE!

SICK

JACK SPARLING

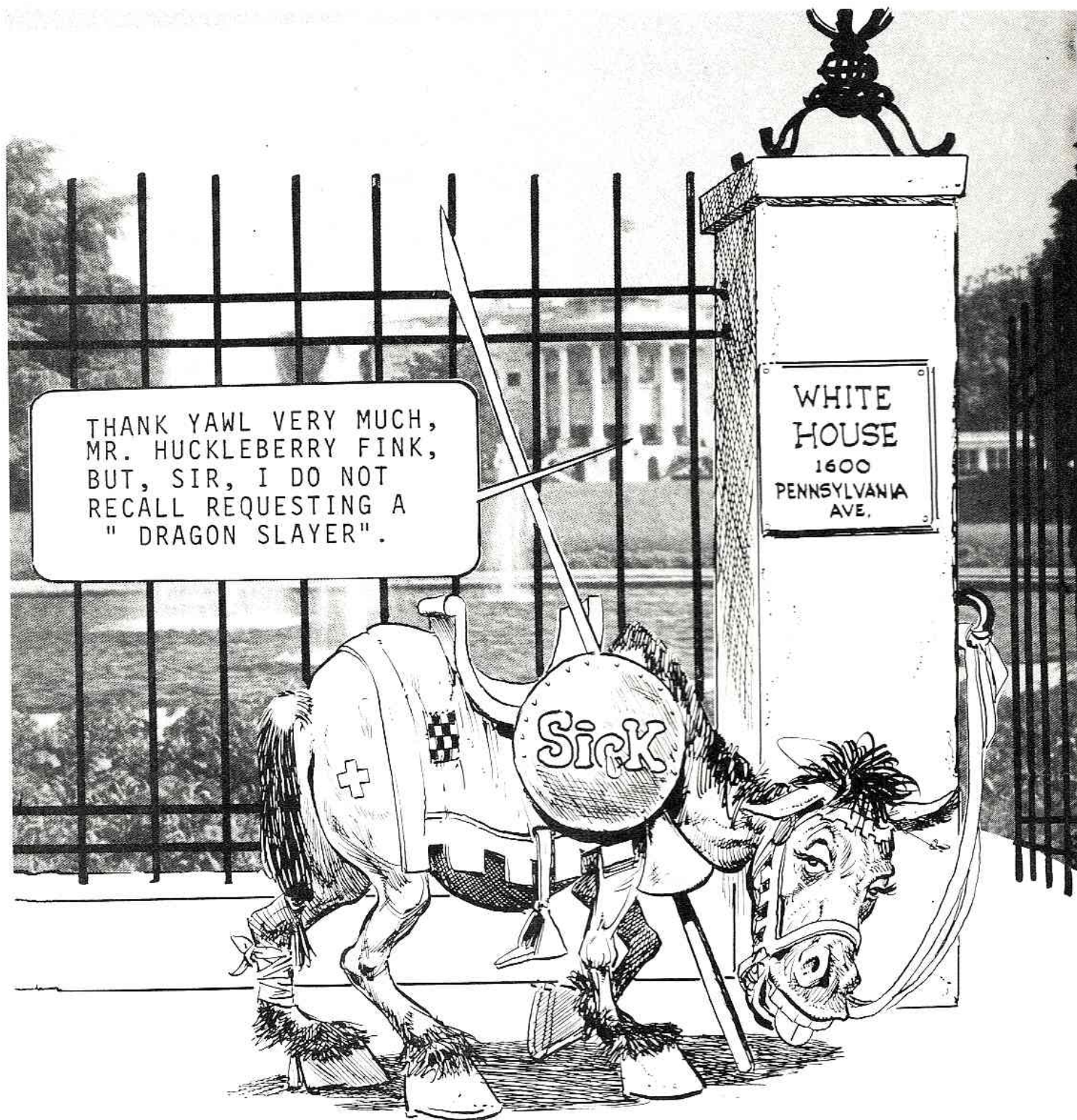
QUICKLY,  
YOUR  
NAME  
WAS  
?

PLUS STAR WARS



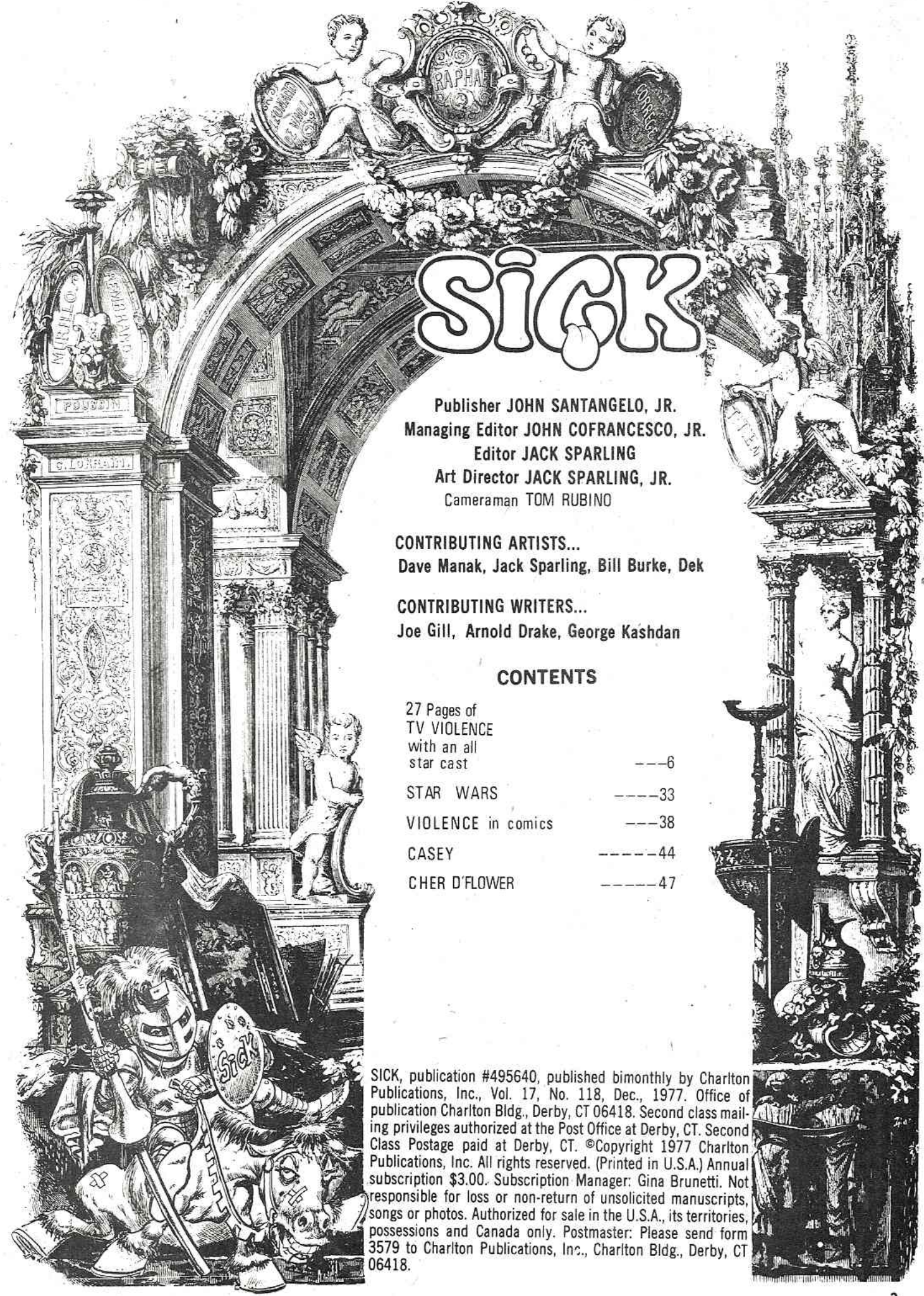
00159





CONTINUED INSIDE BACK COVER





# SICK

Publisher JOHN SANTANGELO, JR.  
Managing Editor JOHN COFRANCESCO, JR.  
Editor JACK SPARLING  
Art Director JACK SPARLING, JR.  
Cameraman TOM RUBINO

## CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS...

Dave Manak, Jack Sparling, Bill Burke, Dek

## CONTRIBUTING WRITERS...

Joe Gill, Arnold Drake, George Kashdan

## CONTENTS

27 Pages of TV VIOLENCE with an all star cast	---6
STAR WARS	----33
VIOLENCE in comics	---38
CASEY	-----44
CHER D'FLOWER	-----47

SICK, publication #495640, published bimonthly by Charlton Publications, Inc., Vol. 17, No. 118, Dec., 1977. Office of publication Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT 06418. Second class mailing privileges authorized at the Post Office at Derby, CT. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, CT. ©Copyright 1977 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. (Printed in U.S.A.) Annual subscription \$3.00. Subscription Manager: Gina Brunetti. Not responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited manuscripts, songs or photos. Authorized for sale in the U.S.A., its territories, possessions and Canada only. Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT 06418.



# Sick Scrawls



DEAR SICK:

I HAVE READ YOUR MAGAZINE WITH RELISH AND YOUR LETTERS PAGE WITH DELIGHT AND I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THIS IS THE PLACE... THE NEW YORK TIMES SHOWS A CERTAIN RELUCTANCE TO PRINTING OUR LETTERS BUT WE "FLAT WORLDERS" WILL NOT BE FOREVER DENIED ... WOULD YOU OPEN YOUR COLUMNS TO CONVINCING ARGUMENTS FROM OTHERS WHO BELIEVE THE WORLD IS FLAT, AND CAN PROVE IT?

HOPEFULLY  
HAROLD FLATTERY  
FLATBUSH

DEAR FLATTERY:

UNLIKE THE TIMES, "WE PRINT ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FLAT TO PRINT." LET'S HEAR IT FROM YOU FLAT WORLDERS!

LE EDITOR

MR. 'SICK':

ALTHOUGH I'M ONLY TEN YEARS OLD I LIKE YOUR MAGAZINE VERY MUCH. IT'S FUNNY AND MOSTLY SICK. AND MOSTLY IT'S WORTH ITS PRICE 50c.

I WOULD LIKE TO ASK A FAVOR FROM YOUR MAGAZINE. WOULD YOU DO A FUNNY ARTICLE ON THE MOVIE "THE GOOD THE BAD AND THE UGLY"?

THANK YOU  
YOURS  
MIKE NIELSEN

DEAR MIKE:

WE'LL KEEP IT IN MIND IF THE MOVIE COMES AROUND AGAIN.

THANKS  
THE EDITOR

DEAR SICK:

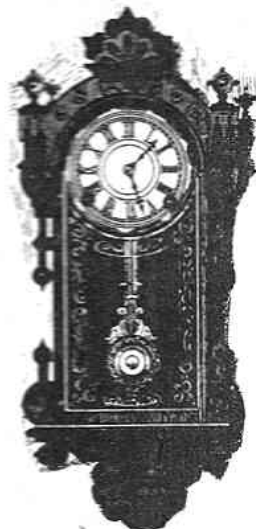
I LAUGHED SO HARD AT YOUR "SIX BILLION DOLLAR MAN" BIT I COULDN'T CATCH MY BREATH ROLLED ON THE FLOOR. SOME CLOWN THOUGHT I WAS HAVING A HEART ATTACK ... HE STARTED MOUTH TO MOUTH RESUSCITATION ... TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT WE'RE ENGAGED. THANKS SIX BILLION FOR THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN I GOT.

LOVE YOU  
SHIRLEY EFFINGWELL

DEAR SHIRLEY:

A NOTE OF COMMERCIALISM CREEPS INTO OUR FULL HEARTS ... YOU LANDED THIS SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN FOR AN OUTLAY OF 50c. WHAT OTHER MAGAZINE CAN MAKE THAT STATEMENT?

REGARDS  
THE EDITOR





SICK:

YOUR BOOK IS FUNNY, BUT I CAN HARDLY FIND THEM IN ANY STORES. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

IF YOU'RE THINKING OF SUBSCRIPTIONS WELL YOU'RE WRONG, BECAUSE ME AND MY FAMILY ARE MOVING TO HOUSTON AND I DON'T KNOW WHEN.

CONFUSED AND TIRED OF  
LOOKING

ELIZABETH BERGEN  
BEAUMONT, TEXAS 77708

DEAR ELIZABETH:

DISTRIBUTION IS SOMETIMES A PROBLEM ... BUT POSSIBLY HOUSTON IS MORE ENLIGHTENED. LET'S HOPE SO FOR BOTH OUR SAKES. SICK NEEDS YOU.

THE EDITOR

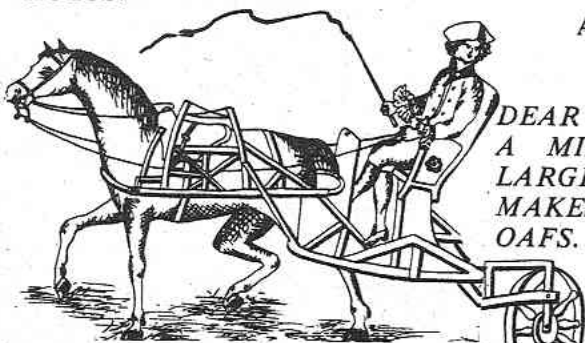
DEAR SICK:

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT CAP'N BEEBE OUT OF NEWPORT HANGING THE BACK COVER OF THE SEASICK SAILOR IN THE CABIN ... THE PROPER PLACE IS THE INSIDE DOOR OF THE HEAD JUST ABOUT WAIST HIGH. WHERE EVERYBODY WILL GET A CHANCE TO STUDY IT AT LENGTH.

A SALT WATER SAILOR  
FROM DOWN EAST  
SPIKE MARLIN

DEAR SPIKE:

SICK IS FLATTERED ... WE MAINTAIN A MAN'S OWN ART GALLERY SHOULD BE A MATTER OF HIS CHOICE. WE GUESS.



We'd like to thank you  
for getting SICK!



DEAR SICK:

YOUR COVER WITH THE DON QUIXOTE CHARACTER IS WHAT SICK IS ALL ABOUT. LAUGHING AT OURSELVES IS THE ONLY WAY TO SURVIVE. THE LITANY OF TRANSGRESSIONS AGAINST OUR MINDS BY BIG BROTHER SIMPLY BOGGLE SAME.

EVER A FAN  
HANNAH BACON

DEAR HANNAH:

THANKS, AND YOU JUST KEEP THROWING THOSE FIFTY CENTS ACROSS THE COUNTER AT YOUR LOCAL MAGAZINE STORE AND WE'LL KEEP DOING OUR ... OR YOUR THING!

REGARDS  
THE EDITOR

DEAR SIRs:

YOUR STORY OF THE LATE SHOW HOSTS PUTTING DOWN NEW YORK WAS A JOY ... THE BIG APPLE MAY HAVE ITS SHARE OF WORMS, BUT ONLY ITS SHARE. AS YOU POINTED OUT "EVERWHERE" U.S.A. OPERATES JUST THE SAME ... I LAUGHED AT THE PICTURES.

A N.Y. SECRETARY  
VERA WAMPOLE

DEAR VERA:

A MILLION A YEAR AND LARGE TV EXPOSURE TIME MAKES ORACLES OUT OF OAFs.

WE CONCUR...  
THE EDITORS

DEAR SIRs:

I WROTE YOU LAST ISSUE ABOUT MY EX-GIRL FRIEND "CHER D'FLOWER" AND I MEAN "EX". WHEN SHE WENT TO WORK FOR "SICK" SHE TORE IT WITH ME ... I HEAR THAT PLACE HAS SO MANY WOLVES THEY SERVE ALPO IN THE CAFETERIA.

BURNED UP  
O.M.I.J.

DEAR O.M.I.J.

THERE IS NO CAFETERIA HERE. WE JUST TOSS THE EMPTY ALPO CANS OUT THE WINDOW ... SIGNED THE EDITOR





# Violence Sweet Violence

THE GROWING PUBLIC REACTION AGAINST TELEVISION VIOLENCE HAS PANICKED THE INDUSTRY. THE FOLLOWING IS A REPORT ON A SECRET INDUSTRY MEETING TO ANSWER THIS THREAT. THE REPORT MAY BE FULLY VOUCHERED FOR, SINCE IT DID NOT COME FROM ANY NETWORK NEWSROOM.

THIS MEETING WILL COME TO ORDER!

I BEWIEVE THE PWOBLEM OF VIOEWENCE ON TV STARTS WITH POOR DICTION! DON'T YOU AGWEE, HAIWY?

HOW CAN I AGREE OR DISABREE, BWABWA, WHEN I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A THING YOU'RE SAYING?

PLEASE, MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION?



KLUNKRITE

WAWTERS

SNEEZNER

TO COMPREHEND THE DILEMMA OF VIDEO VIOLENCE, WE MUST NOT OBFUSCATE THE ISSUE WITH PEDAGOGICAL VERBAGE THAT EXACERBATES THE LAYMAN'S INTOLERANCE OF SUPERCILIOUS PRONOUNCEMENTS!

WHO YOU CALLIN' THE SUPER-SILLIEST, SLOWSELL?

I KNOW WHY THERE'S SO MUCH VIOLENCE.. BECAUSE THE GAYS ARE TAKING OVER MOVIES, TV AND THE BIBLE!



KLUNKRITE

SLOWSELL

MOHAMBONE



STRIDENT

A LITTLE VIOLENCE CAN'T HURT, AS LONG AS IT'S KEPT IN THE FAMILY -- RIGHT, DUMMY?

SO HOW COME YOU NEVER LET ME VIOLATE ANYBODY, CHEERIE?

WILL EVERYBODY SHADDUP!!



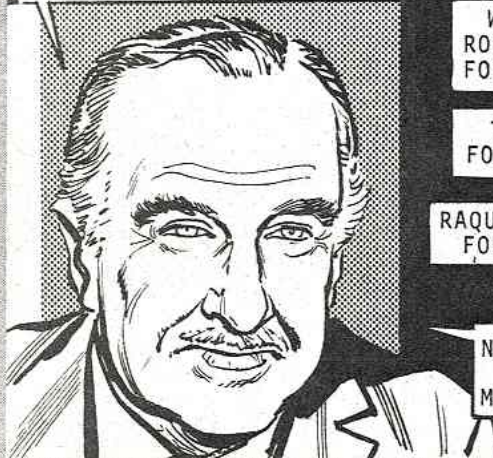
KLUNKRITE

CHEERIE & DUMMY





AS YOU KNOW THIS CONFERENCE ON THE PROBLEM OF TV VIOLENCE IS SPONSORED BY ONE OF OUR FOREMOST INTELLECTUAL FOUNDATIONS!



WHO? THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION?

THE FORD FOUNDATION?

RAQUEL WELCH'S FOUNDATION?

NO -- BY SICK MAGAZINE!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH VIOLENCE, ANYHOW? I THINK EVERYONE SHOULD PWAY SOME MUSICAL INSTRUMENT...DON'T YOU AGWEE, HAIWY?

BWABWA, YOU BIRDBRAIN... WE'RE TALKING ABOUT VIOLENCE, NOT VIOLINS!

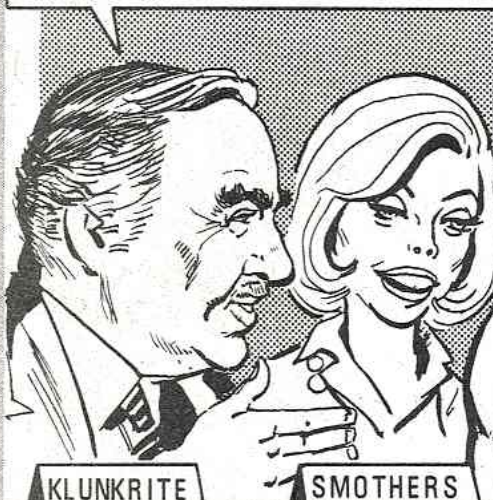


WAWTERS



SNEEZONER

TO HELP US UNDERSTAND THE PROBLEM MORE FULLY, I'VE INVITED, AS OUR GUEST SPEAKER, THE EMINENT PSYCHOLOGIST, DR. JOY SMOTHERS -- B.S., M.S., PH.D!



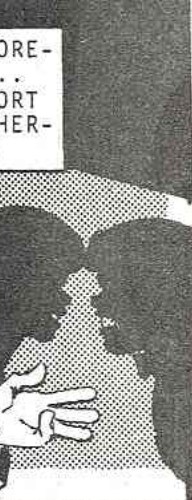
KLUNKRITE



SMOTHERS



MOHAMBONE



SLOWSELL

WHAT DO ALL THEM LETTERS MEAN, SLOWSELL?

YOU CERTAINLY KNOW WHAT "B.S." STANDS FOR, ALLEY!

"M.S." MEANS MORE-OF-THE-SAME... "PH.D." IS SHORT FOR PILED-HIGHER-AND-DEEPER!

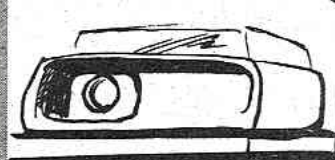
AS A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, DEDICATED TO SCIENCE, I AM ONLY CHARGING \$5 AN HOUR FOR THIS CONSULTATION..

THAT'S VERY GENEROUS OF YOU!

...PLUS \$200 AN HOUR AS A MEMBER OF ACTORS EQUITY!



TO DEMONSTRATE AND CONVEY THE BENEFITS OF TV VIOLENCE, I HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF REWRITING A TYPICAL SCRIPT -- FOR WHICH I CHARGE \$5800 AS A MEMBER OF THE WRITERS GUILD!







ONE OF TV'S MOST POPULAR PURVEYORS OF VIOLENCE IS A MUSCLE-BRAINED STREET-COP WHOSE CHIEF CLAIM TO FAME IS HIS SENSELESS DIALOGUE! TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THE CHARACTERS ARE REALLY SAYING, IN THEIR SUB-CONSCIOUS MINDS, LET'S OPEN ON A TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF...

# PARETTA

DETECTIVE PARETTA, AREN'T YOU GOING TO STOP ALL THIS MURDER AND MAYHEM?

MURDER AND MAYHEM... LET'S SEE IF MY BOOK HAS ANYTHING ON IT!

WHAT BOOK? THE POLICE MANUAL?

NO, THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF SIGMUND FREUD!



SEXUAL FANTASIES... NOW I GOT THE PICTURE!

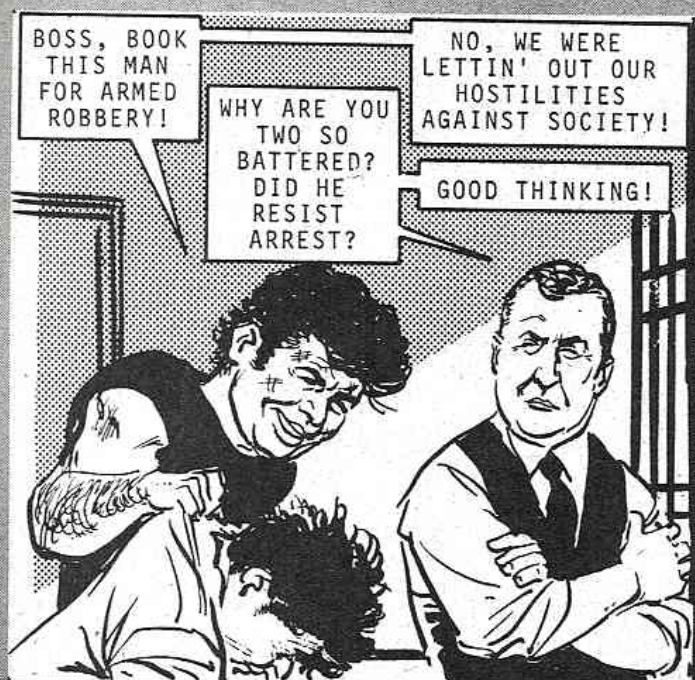
YOU MEAN THE ANSWER TO ALL THE VIOLENCE?

I MEAN THE ANSWER TO HUSTLER MAGAZINE!

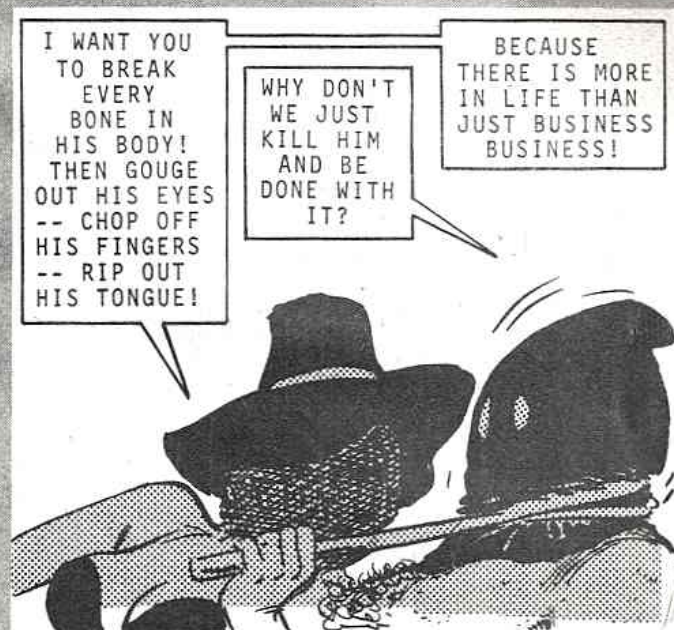
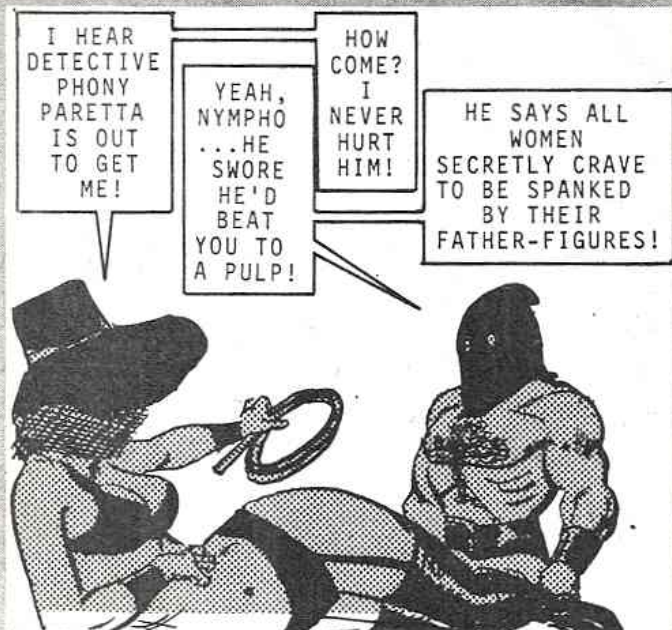
THE PICTURES IN THIS BOOK ARE A REAL TURN-ON!



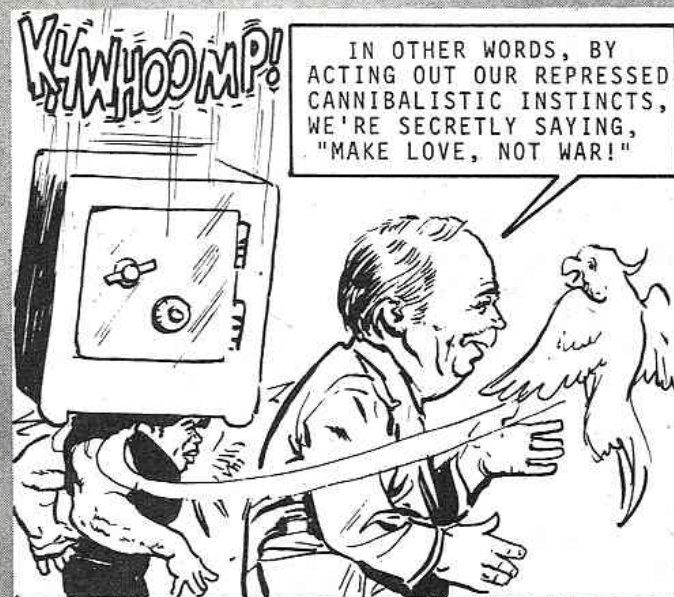


















WHAT THE PUBLIC IS WORRIED ABOUT IS PURE, UNDISGUISED VIOLENCE. WHO CAN BLAME THEM? SO THE ANSWER IS--

--GIVE THEM DISGUISED VIOLENCE!



NOW, WHAT'S THE BEST COVER-UP FOR VIOLENCE?

WAR?



YOU WOULD-BE EBONY ADONIS, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WAR?

WHA'CHYOU THINK I DO FOR A LIVIN', HEM STITCHIN'?



REMEMBER, UNDER ANGLO-SAXON LAW, A PRIZE FIGHTER'S HANDS ARE DEEMED DEADLY WEAPONS!

WHA'CHYOU THINK YOUR MOUTH IS, A MUSIC BOX?



THE BEST DISGUISE FOR VIOLENCE IS--HISTORY! YOU CAN KILL THE WHOLE CAST--AS LONG AS THEY'RE IN FUNNY, ANCIENT COSTUMES!

SO, PUT ANY VIOLENT SERIES IN COSTUME! DON'T CHANGE THEIR DIALOGUE--JUST THEIR PANTS!







N. B. CAESAR  
Presents  
STARSKIUS And HUTCHOUS  
In  
The GREAT PASTAFAZOO ROBBERY!



SORRY YOU COULDN'T MAKE  
THE ORGY ON MOUNT VESUVIUS  
LAST WEEKEND, STARSKIUS!  
IT WAS HOT STUFF!

YES, I HEARD OLD  
VESU REALLY BLEW  
HER TOP! BURIED  
POMPEI ASH-OVER  
END! SORRY I MISSED  
THE FUN! BUT I HAD  
SOME KICKS, TOO!

I FOUGHT  
FOR  
CAESAR



TOOK IN A DOUBLE-HEADER AT THE ARENA!

GREAT! I'VE NEVER SEEN A LION BITE  
OFF TWO HEADS AT ONCE!

SCRAM, STUMPIOUS! YOU OWE THREE  
BRIBES TO THE PALACE GUARDS  
BENEVOLENT FUND!



WHAT DO YOU  
SUPPOSE  
CAPT. DUBIUS  
WANTS TO  
SEE US  
ABOUT?

ABOUT HOW WE LOST ANOTHER  
WHEEL ON THE SQUAD-CHARIOT!

SCRAM,  
BLINKYOUS!

SORRY,  
GUARDSMAN  
HUTCHOUS,  
I DIDN'T SEE  
YOU COMING!



CAESAR'S  
PALACE  
GUARDS  
3RD PRECINCT

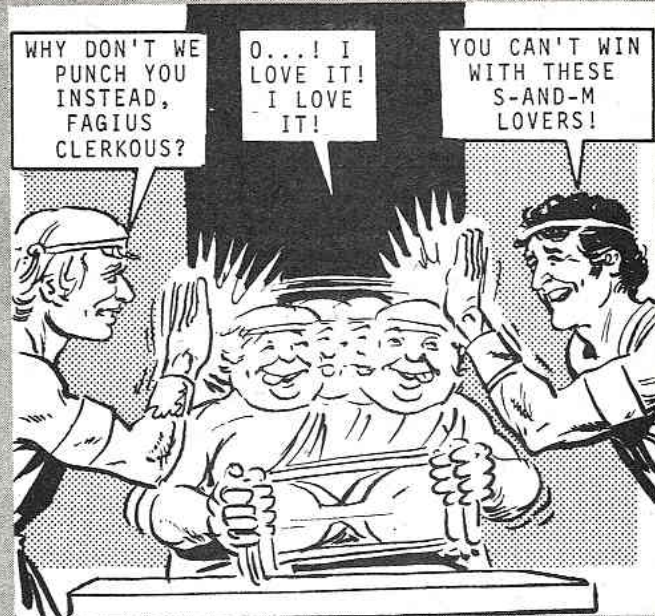
CAPT. DUBIUS  
SAYS FROM NOW  
ON WE PAY FOR  
ALL CHARIOT  
DAMAGES!

DOESN'T HE KNOW,  
CHARIOT BEGINS  
AT HOME?

CLEAR THE WAY  
PERVERTIOUS!





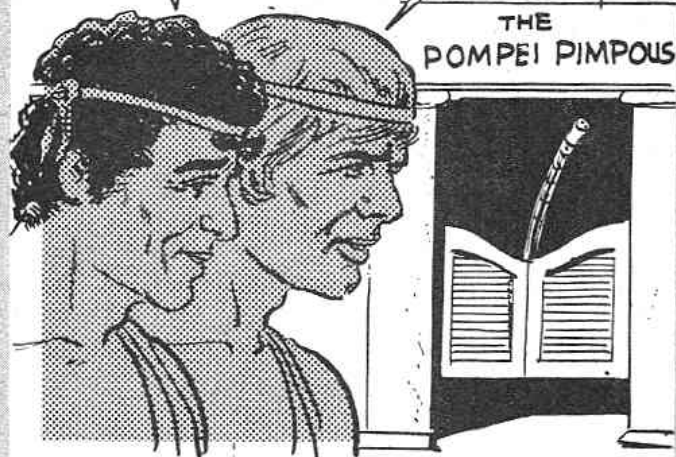




WE'LL GET OUR INFO FROM HUGGIUS BEARUS! HE LOVES TO INFORM ON THE UNDERWORLD!

YEAH-- HE'S A REGULAR INFO-MANIAC!

THE POMPEI PIMPOUS



WHO? SEMPRE INFIDELOUS? SORRY, MRS. I, HE'S NOT HERE! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE LIBRARY?



THEN TELL HER TO TRY POISONED HEMLOCK! (HIC!) SOCRATES SAID IT'S A KILLER! (HIC! HAC! HOC!)

SO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE PASTA AND BEAN THIEVES, EH? WELL, THE PASTA GUY WON'T BE EASY, BUT--

YOU CAN SURE SNIFF OUT THE BEAN MAN!



Hmmm! I THINK SOMEBODY IS AFTER OUR SKINOUS!

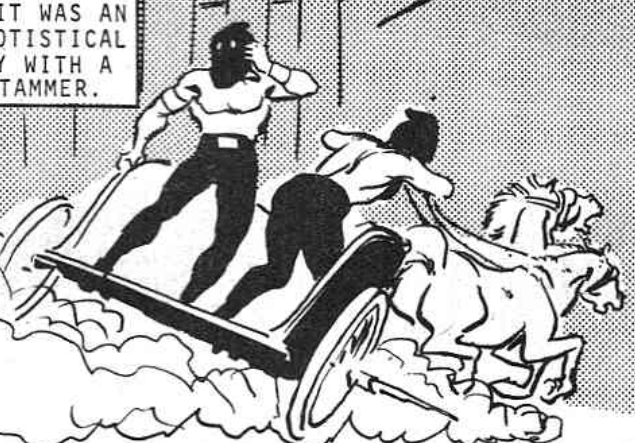
WOW! SOME DETECTIVE WORK! NO WONDER YOU CAME IN 2ND IN THE POLICE ACADEMY TESTS!



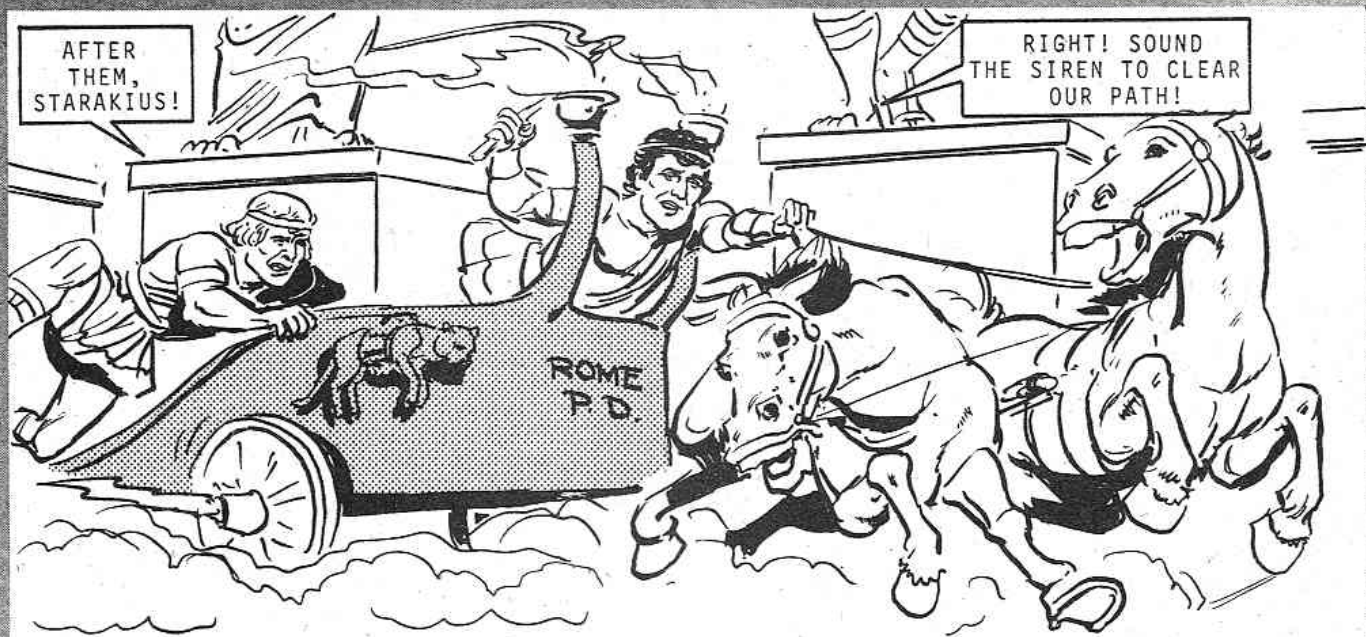
I WOULD HAVE COME IN 1ST, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW "III" WAS ROMAN NUMERALS FOR "THREE"! I THOUGHT--

--IT WAS AN EGOTISTICAL GUY WITH A STAMMER.

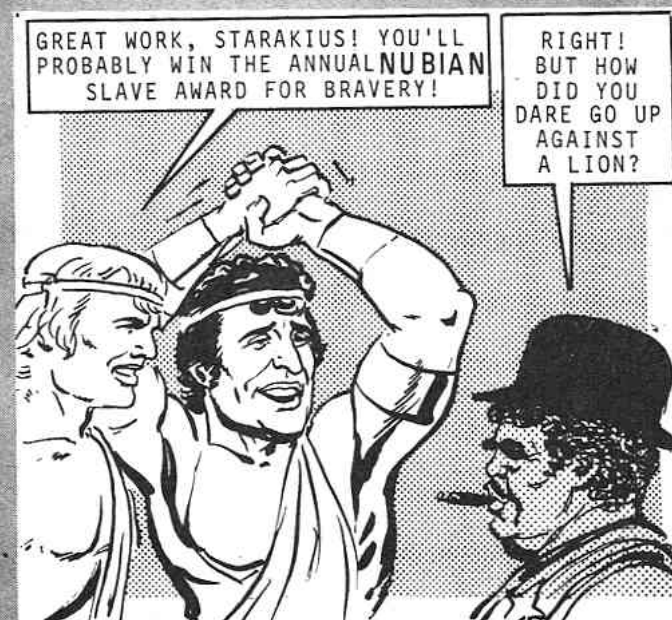
THY MOTHER WAS A POLICE DOG!



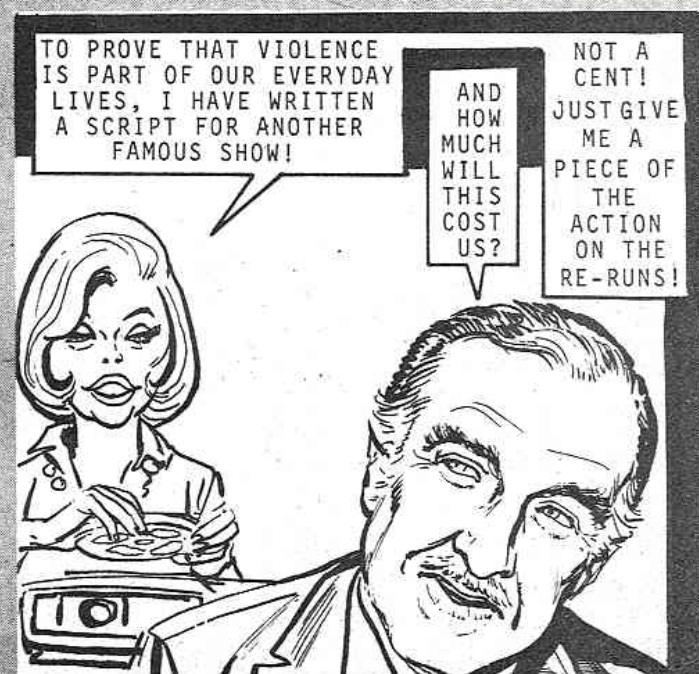
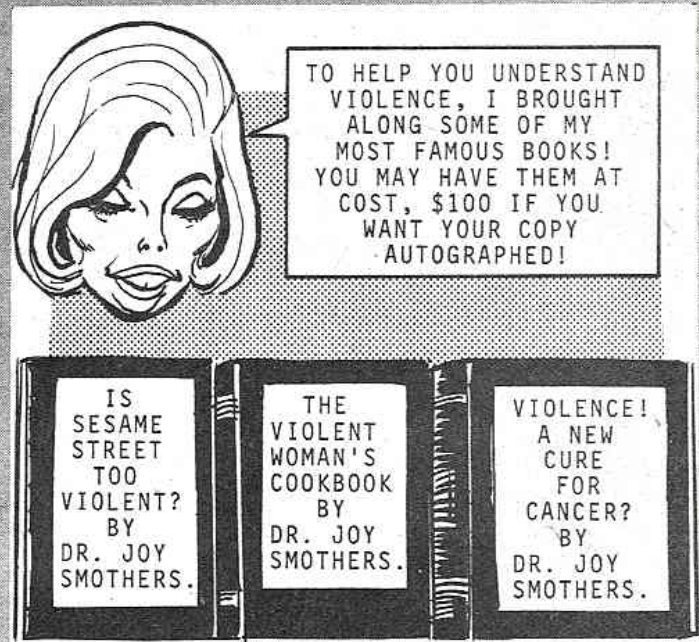
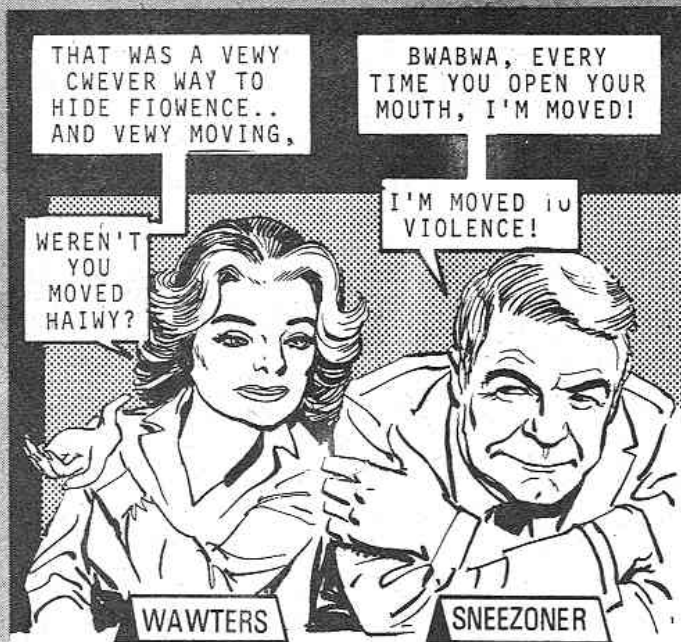














THIS WEEKLY SERIES IS POPULAR MAINLY BECAUSE IT'S A PUREE OF SUGAR, HONEY -- AND BALONEY! WATCHING THIS FAMILY IN ACTION, YOU'D THINK THE GREAT DEPRESSION WAS ONE BIG BALL -- FULL OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT -- WHERE NO ONE EVEN DREAMED OF HURTING HIS FELLOW MAN! TO DISCOVER WHAT WAS REALLY SIMMERING BELOW THE SURFACE, LET'S WATCH AN EPISODE IN THE LIVES OF...

THE

# BRAWLTONS



WHAT'S ALL THE COMOTION ON BRAWLTONS MOUNTAIN?

THE LAW IS RAIDIN' GONE-BOY'S NEWSPAPER!

WHAT'S HE DONE WRONG?

THEY FOUND OUT HIS PRINTIN' PRESS IS A DISGUISED STILL -- AND HIS PRINTERS' INK IS REALLY BLACKBERRY LIKKER!

BANG!

BLAM!

KRAK! KRAK!

BAM!



BLAM! BAM! PWHEE-E-E-E .... PWHEE-E-E-E....

WHO SQUEALED ON ME PAW?

I DID IT, GONE-BOY SO'S I COULD TEACH YOU A LESSON!

A LESSON? WHAT LESSON?

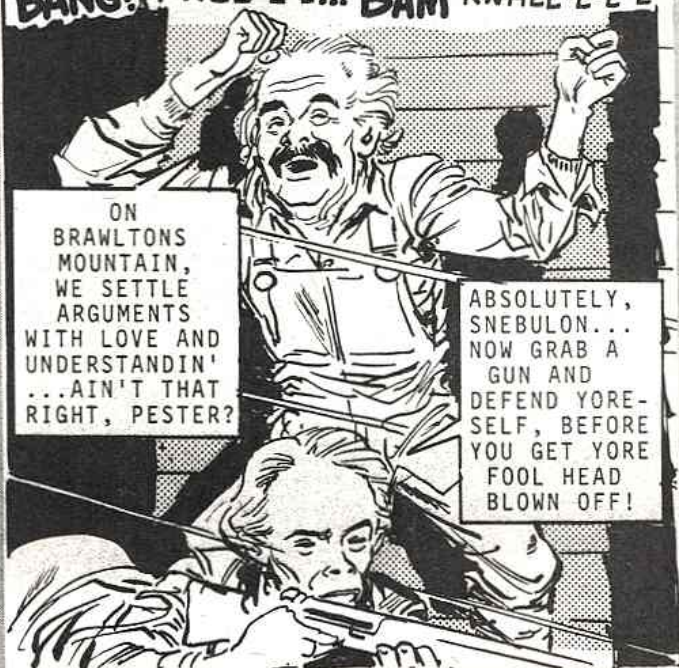
NEVER FLOUT THE LAW WITHOUT CUTTIN' YORE PAW IN ON THE PROFITS!



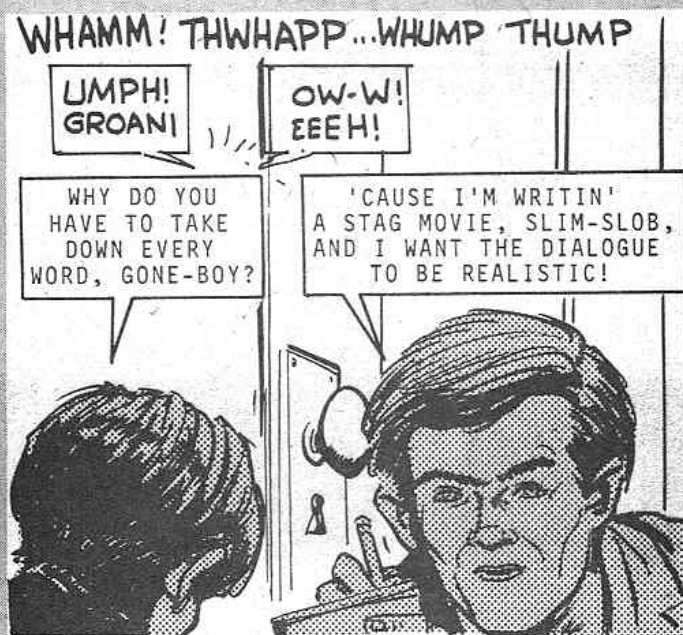
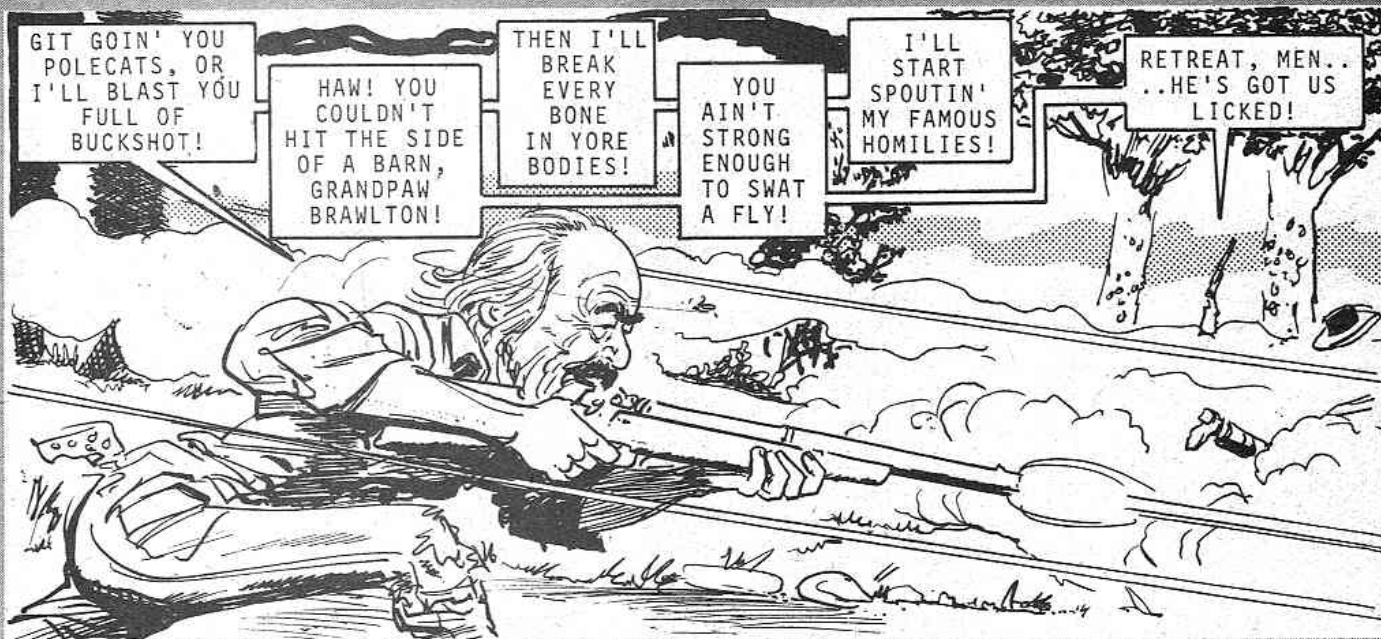
BANG! PWEE-E-E... BAM KWHEE-E-E-E

ON BRAWLTONS MOUNTAIN, WE SETTLE ARGUMENTS WITH LOVE AND UNDERSTANDIN' ...AIN'T THAT RIGHT, PESTER?

ABSOLUTELY, SNEBULON... NOW GRAB A GUN AND DEFEND YORE-SELF, BEFORE YOU GET YORE FOOL HEAD BLOWN OFF!





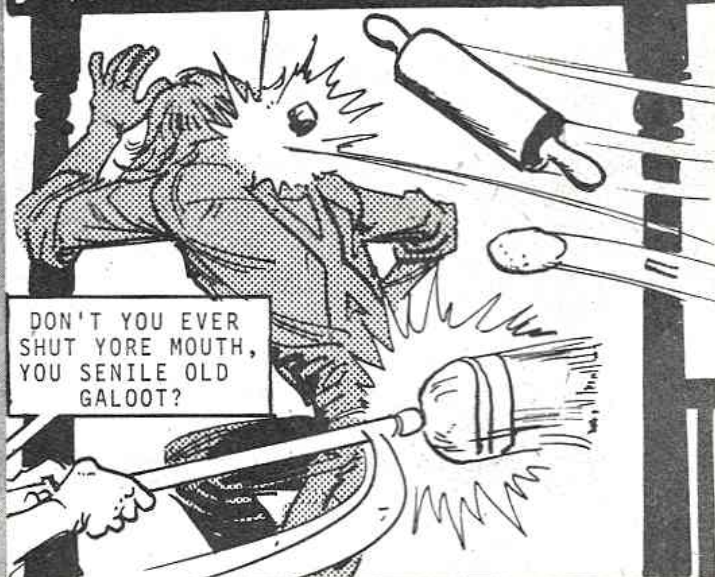




IT'S THIS WAY YOUNG 'UNS ...THE GOOD LORD MADE THE BIRDS AND THE BEES -- AND THOUGH WE BRAWLTONS AIN'T GOT MONEY, A MAN'S FAR RICHER HAVIN' THE SAME TOOL AS A BIRD OR A BEE, AND KNOWIN' HOW TO USE IT WHEN HE HAS A HANKERIN' FOR ...



POW SPLATT CRUNCH SQUISHH



DON'T YOU EVER SHUT YORE MOUTH, YOU SENILE OLD GALOOT?

YOU'RE SO SWEET AND INNOCENT, GLARY-MELON... WHAT CAN I DO TO MAKE YOU LOVE ME?

SAME AS ALL OTHERS DO...MY RATE'S \$5 AN HOUR!

THIS IS THE GREAT DEPRESSION ...\$2 IS ALL I CAN AFFORD!



SIC HIM, BRAWLTONS!

GET HIS WALLET-- HIS JEWELRY!

AND HIS ALF LONDON BUTTON-- THAT'LL BE WORTH A FORTUNE SOME DAY!



IT MAKES A MAW REAL PROUD, SEEIN' HER CHILDREN FEND FOR THEMSELVES!

BUT I'LL WHALE THE TAR OUT OF GLARY-MELLON IF SHE FORGETS AGAIN!

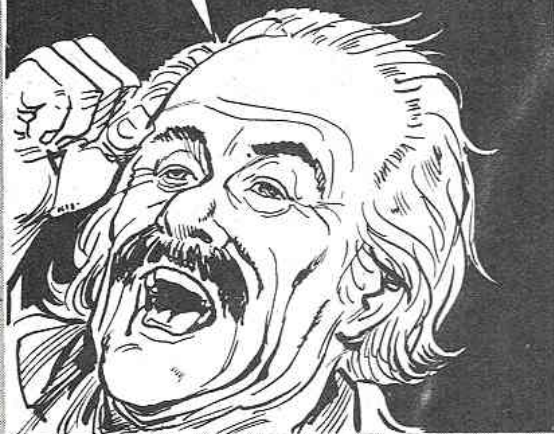
FORGETS WHAT?

MY COMMISSION -- FOR STEERIN' ALL THESE RUBES HER WAY!





WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENIN' ON OUR BELOVED BRAWLTONS MOUNTAIN! WHEN I WAS A TYKE, MY DADDY CONSIDERED IT SINFUL FOR A WOMAN TO SELL HER BODY -- FOR LESS'N \$10, THAT IS ...



YIKE! WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR?



'CAUSE I HEAR-TELL YOU BEEN PEEKIN' WHEN THE GIRLS GET UNDRESSED!



A MAN MY AGE GETS HIS KICKS WHERE HE CAN!

YOU OLD LECHER! LEMME TELL YOU SOMETHIN'... I STILL AIN'T TOO OLD TO TURN A TRICK OR TWO!

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK THE TRAVELIN' SALESMEN.



I'M TIRED OF BEIN' KICKED AROUND! I'M RUNNIN' AWAY, LIKE MY PSYCHOLOGIST ADVISED!

PSYCHOLOGIST? WHAT PSYCHOLOGIST?

DR. JOY SMOTHERS! WHENEVER SHE GETS BORN!



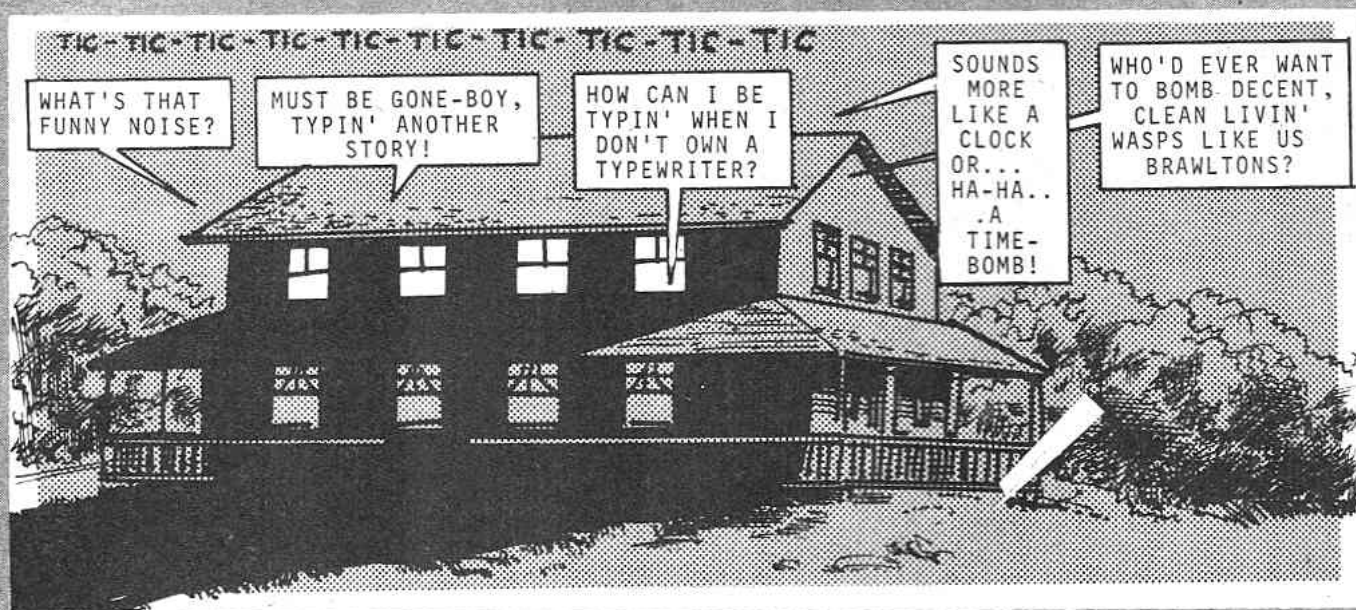
BOO-HOO-HOO... IT BREAKS ME UP EVERY TIME HE RUNS AWAY!

DON'T CRY, GRANDMAW... YOU KNOW HE ALWAYS COMES BACK!

THAT'S WHAT BREAKS ME UP... I WISH HE'D STAY AWAY!









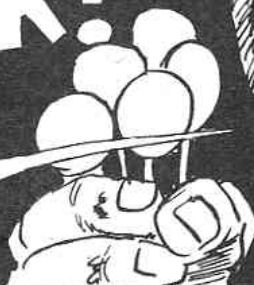




HERE HE IS, THE SKIN-HEADED  
KNIGHT WHO BATTLES THE DRAGONS  
OF BIG-CITY CRIME. LET OTHERS  
ARM THEMSELVES TO THE TEETH!  
KOJERK MARCHES FORTH WITH  
NOTHING BUT SOME LOLLIPOPS  
AND A BAG OF POPCORN!  
THAT'S TOUGH!

# KOJERK!

WHAT KILLED  
HER STAYGROSS?



OOOO!  
I'LL BET  
THAT  
SMARTED!  
HAVE  
SOME  
POPCORN!

SHE WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD, STABBED  
IN THE HEART, POISONED FROM A  
BOTTLE MARKED "SACCHARIN" AND  
'STRANGLER' WITH HER OWN STOCKINGS!



HOW CAN YOU EAT  
THAT JUNK WHEN  
YOU'RE LOOKING AT  
A BRUTALLY  
MUTILATED  
CORPSE?

WHAT'S 'AMATTA? YOU  
THINK I GOT NO CLASS?  
YOU THINK I DON'T  
SUFFER WHEN MY  
PEOPLE GET CHOPPED  
UP?



YOUR PEOPLE?  
YOU MEAN  
GREEKS?

NAH! PIMPS,  
PUSHERS, WHORES,  
CHILD MOLESTERS!  
MY PEOPLE!

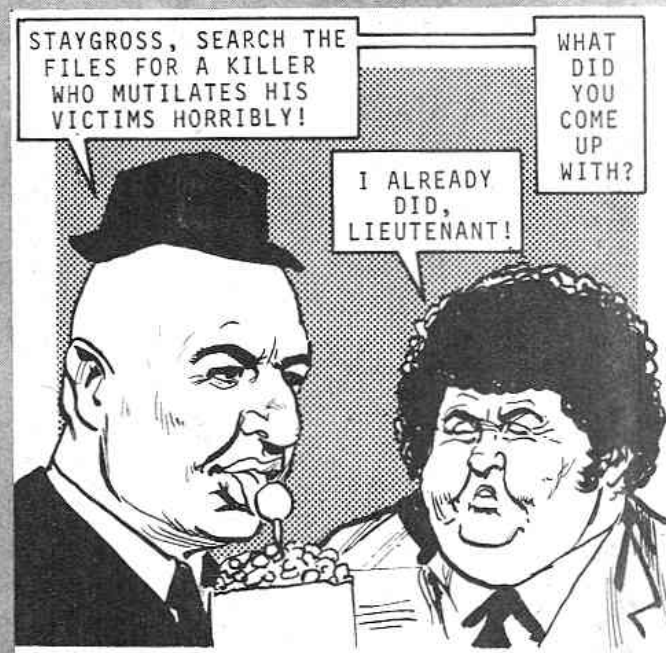
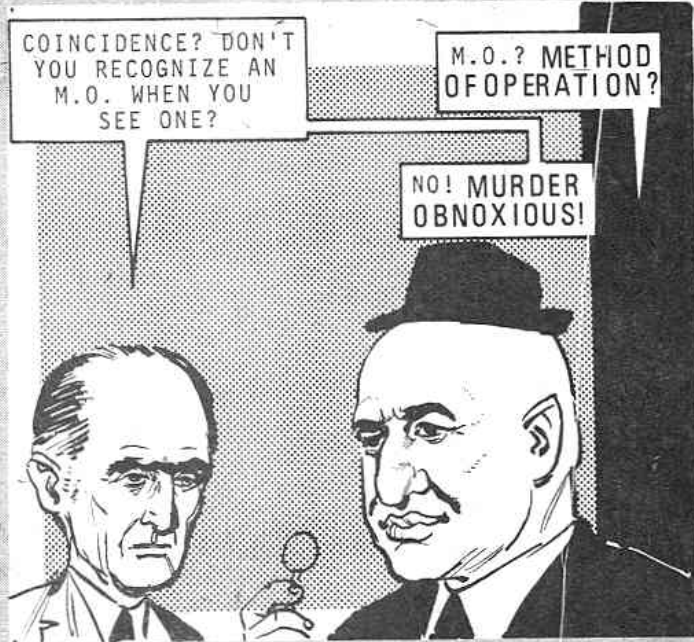
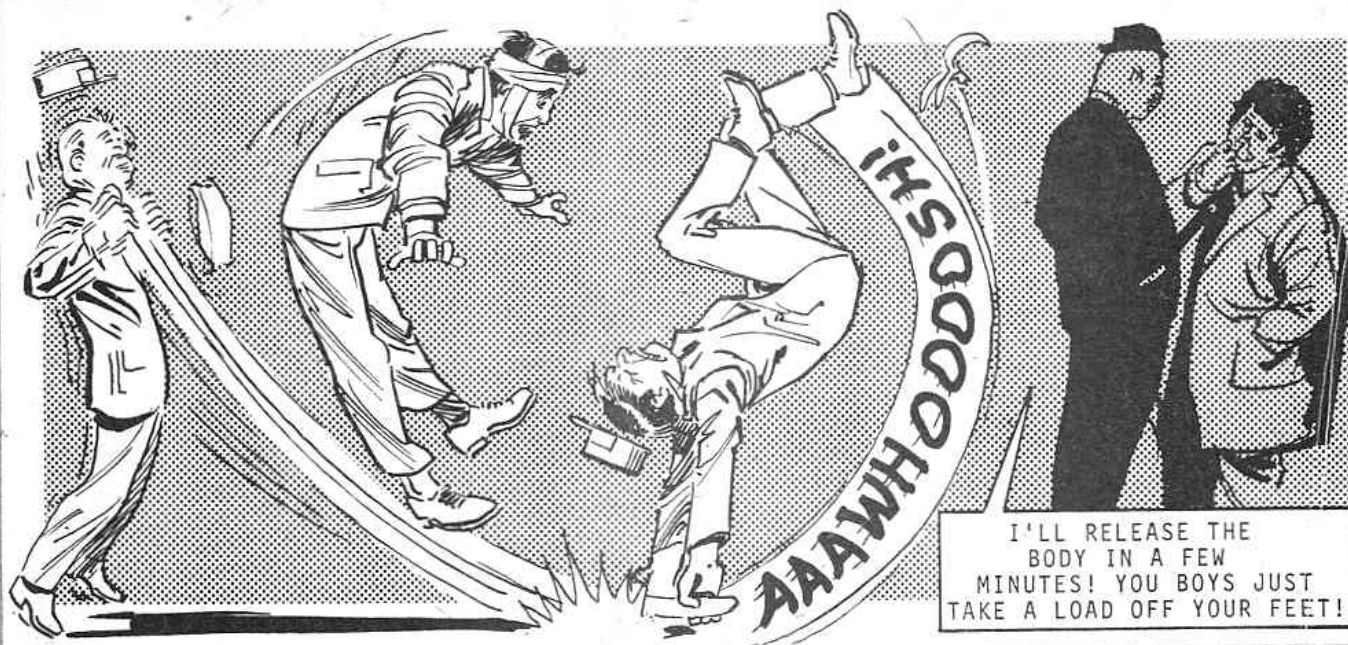


JUST TELL THEM THEY'VE GOT  
NO HEART--AND THEY'LL  
CUT OUT YOUR GIZZARD  
AND FEED IT TO YOU!

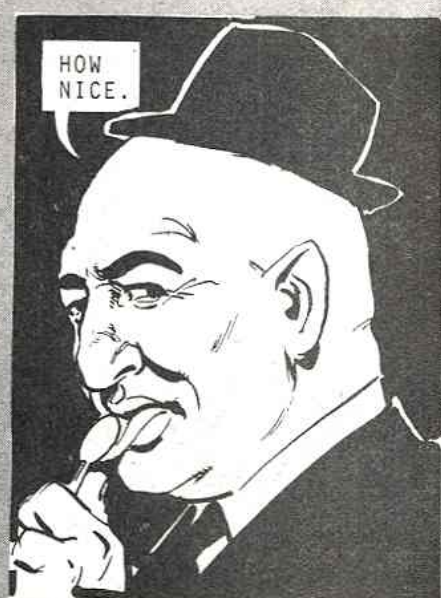
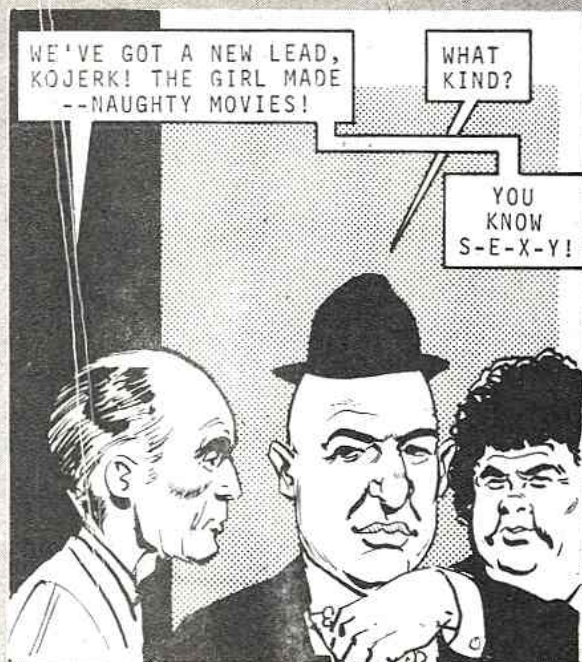
HERE  
COMES THE  
STRETCHER  
CREW  
LIEUTENANT!







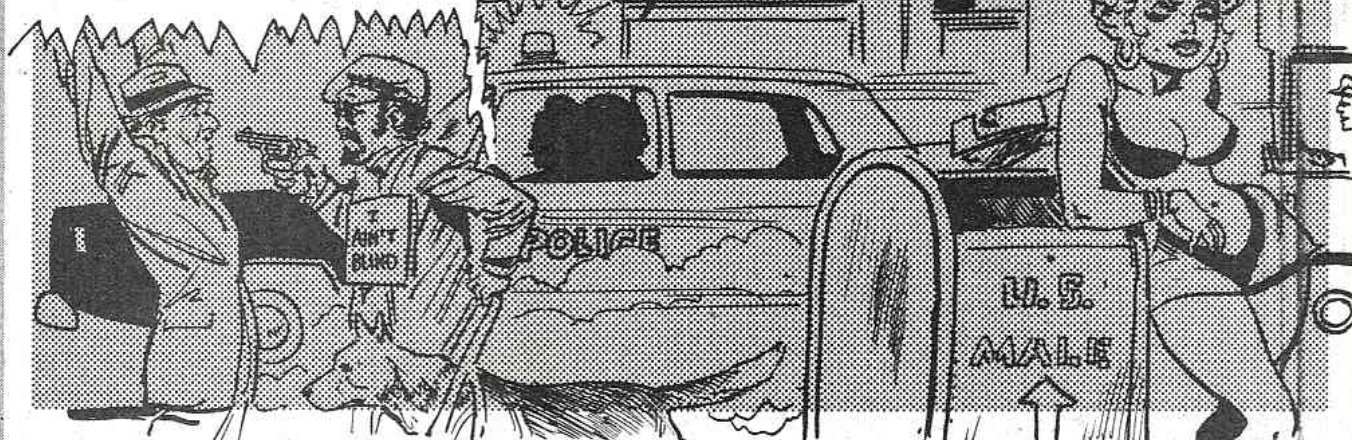






ALL POINTS BULLETIN! F.X. LAX,  
TOP PORN DISTRIBUTOR, IS  
ON THE RUN. LAST SEEN  
HEADED SOUTH ON BROADWAY  
AND 30th!

THAT'S JUST  
NORTH OF  
HERE!



HE IS DANGEROUS! VOTED  
FOR NIXON--TWICE! ARM  
YOURSELVES TO THE TEETH!

KOJERK,  
TAKE  
EXTRA  
LOLLIPOPS!

YOU  
BET!



HERE COMES LAX!

HOW DO YOU KNOW  
IT'S HIS CAR?

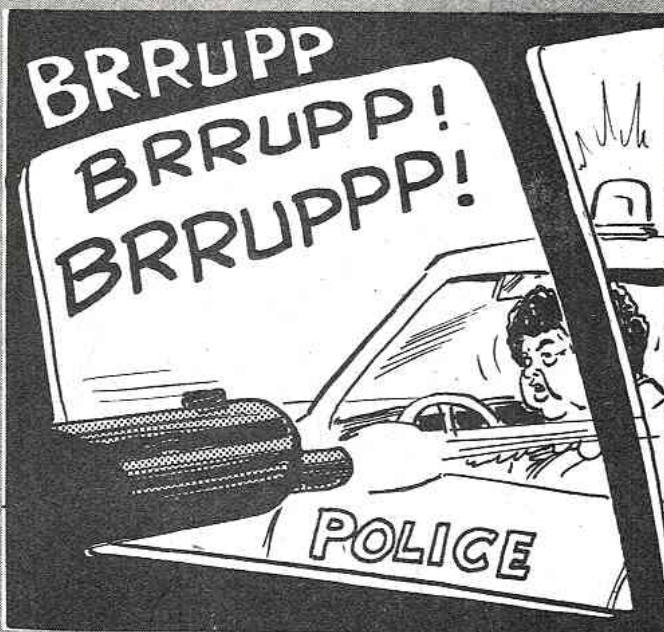
LOOK AT THE  
LICENSE PLATE!

GOOD MAKE, KOJERK!



BRRUPP  
BRRUPP!  
BRRUPPP!

POLICE



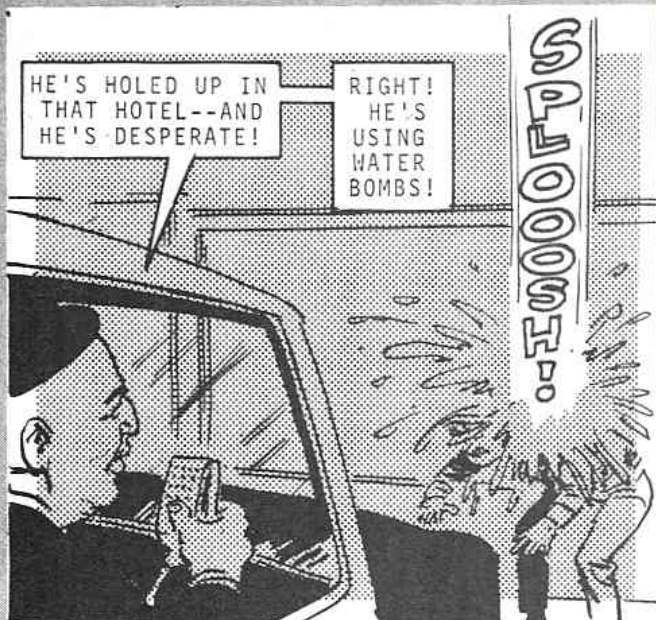
SPLAT SQUASH!

HE GOT STAYGROSS,  
THE MONSTER!

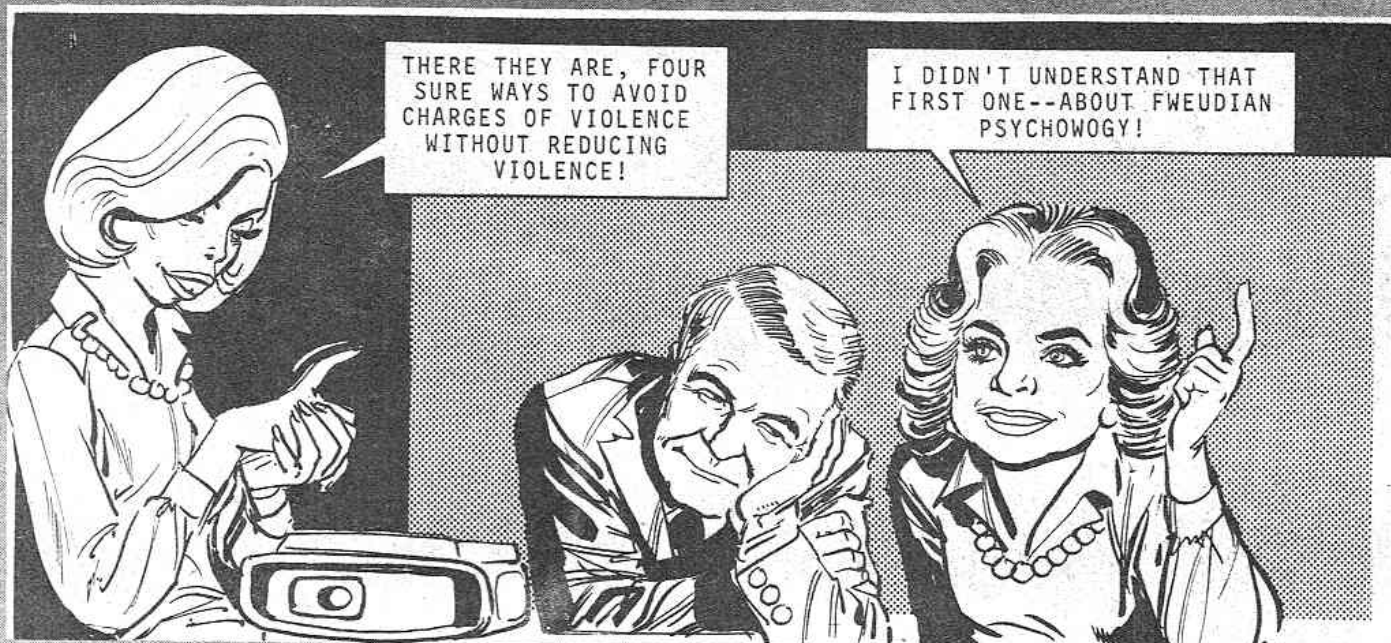
YEAH! HE MUST'VE KNOWN  
I HATE BLUEBERRY!











THERE THEY ARE, FOUR  
SURE WAYS TO AVOID  
CHARGES OF VIOLENCE  
WITHOUT REDUCING  
VIOLENCE!

I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT  
FIRST ONE--ABOUT FWEUDIAN  
PSYCHOWOGY!



YOU DIDN'T UNDER-  
STAND "DICK AND  
JANE MEET  
PETER RABBIT!"

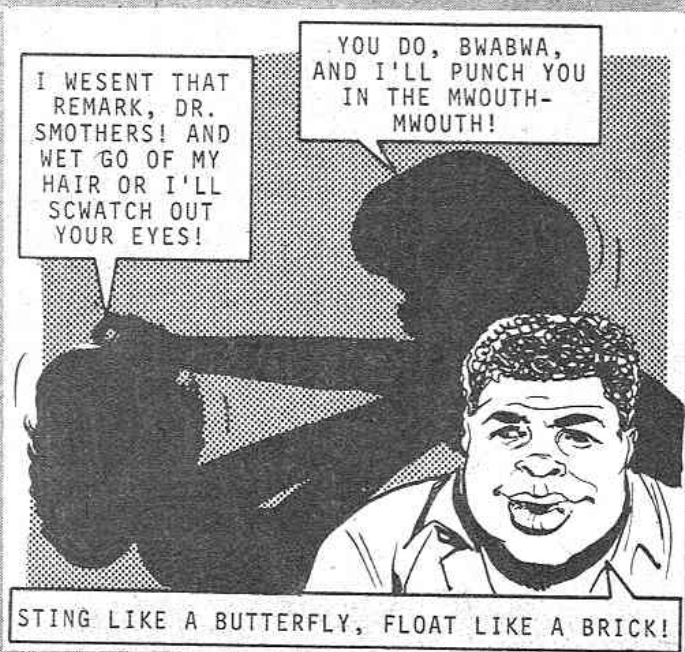
THAT'S NO WAY TO  
TALK TO AN  
AMERICAN GIRL,  
SIR!



GO THROW  
A FRISBY,  
YOU KING  
OF THE  
NO-  
TALENTS

WHAT'S  
A  
FWISBY?

A PIE PAN, YOU  
MILLION-DOLLAR  
BLOCKHEAD!



I WESENT THAT  
REMARK, DR.  
SMOTHERS! AND  
WET GO OF MY  
HAIR OR I'LL  
SCWATCH OUT  
YOUR EYES!

YOU DO, BWABWA,  
AND I'LL PUNCH YOU  
IN THE MWOUTH-  
MWOUTH!



THAT'S, FLOAT LIKE  
A BUTTERFLY, " YOU  
PUGILISTIC PEABRAIN!

THEM IS  
GONNA BE VERY  
FAMOUS LAST  
WORDS, HONKEY!

STING LIKE A BUTTERFLY, FLOAT LIKE A BRICK!



LET GO OF MY  
BWONDE TWESSES!  
YEEEEK!

I'VE NEVER FELT  
SUCH SUBLIME  
PEACE!  
PSYCHIATRY  
--PHOOEY!

AREN'T YOU  
SORRY YOU  
COMMITTED  
AN INSULT TO  
AMERICAN  
WOMANHOOD?

YES! (ARRGH!) I'LL  
NEVER APPEAR WITH  
BWABWA WAWA AGAIN!



REMEMBER,  
CHAMP, (ARRRH!)  
ACCORDING TO  
ANGLO-SAXON  
JURIS PRUDENCE--

SMOTHERS

DUMMY

SNEEZNER

--I'M NOT  
USING MY  
FISTS, I'M  
USING MY  
ARMPITS!

YES, BUT  
THAT'S AGAINST  
THE GENEVA  
CONVENTION  
ON INHUMAN  
WEAPONS!

HAVE A LEMON MERINQUE, YOU  
MUSH-MOUTHED MORON!



GIVE HIM THE  
SECRET WEAPON,  
BIRDY!

BOMBS  
AWAY!

SLOWSELL

MOHAMBONE

CHEERIE

PARETTA

KOJERK

WARNING! THE  
PRECEDING PROGRAM  
CONTAINED VARIOUS  
DISGUSTING WORDS,  
IDEAS AND PEOPLE!

IF YOU YOUNG FOLKS WERE UNABLE  
TO PREVENT YOUR PARENTS FROM  
VIEWING THE OFFENSIVE MATERIAL,  
JUST WASH THEIR MOUTHS OUT  
WITH A BILLY GRAHAM SHOW  
AND SEND THEM TO BED!



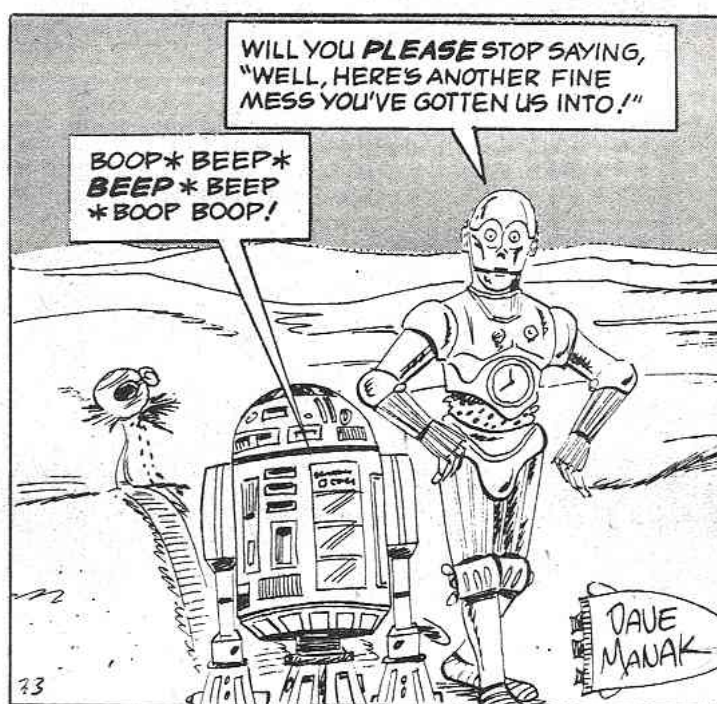
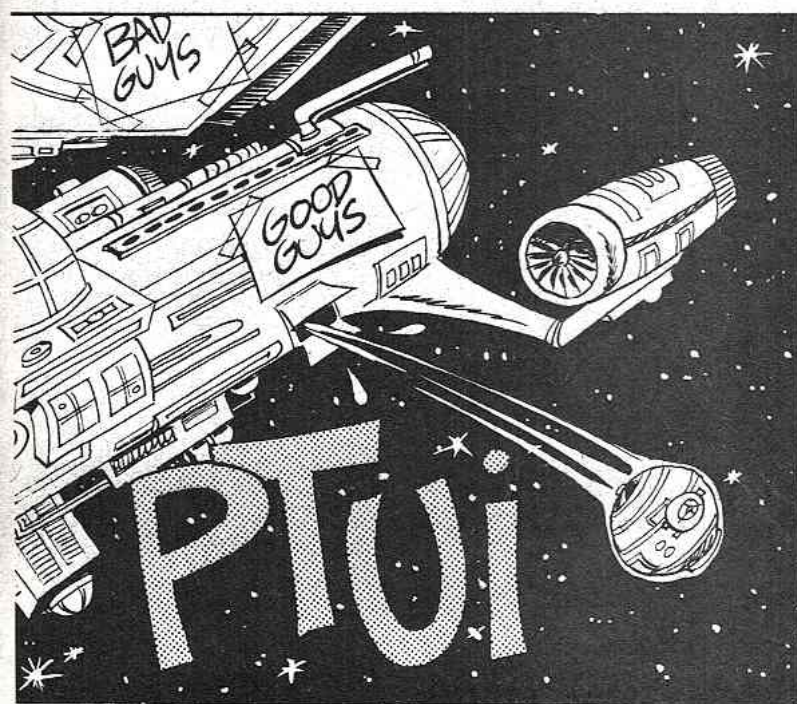


IN THE BEGINNING MAN CREATED **FLASH GORDON** AND SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD... THEN HE CREATED **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY** AND SAW THAT IT WAS VERY GOOD... THEN HE CREATED **STAR TREK** AND SAW IT IN SYNDICATION FOR MANY YEARS... THEN HE TRIED TO CREATE A **STAR TREK** MOVIE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY OR FORTUNATELY, AS THE CASE MAY BE, THIS LITTLE GEM BEAT HIM TO IT...

# STAR BORES

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY DAVE MANAK

LETTERER: TODD KLEIN





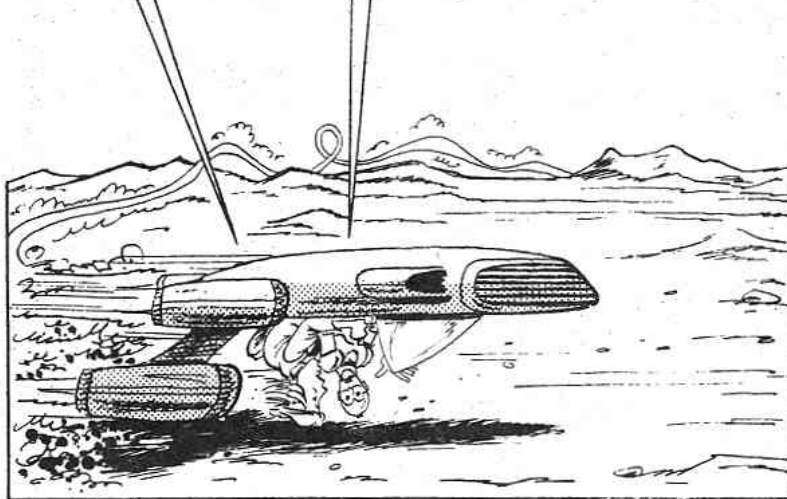
**PUKE STARSTUMBLER!**  
I'VE JUST BOUGHT THESE TWO  
DROIDS THAT WERE FOUND  
WANDERING IN THE DESERT...

...PUT THEM TO WORK  
TENDING THE CROPS,  
SWEEPING UP, AND  
DOING THE WINDOWS!



WHY DO YOU THINK  
**R-TOOT** RAN AWAY  
LAST NIGHT, **3C-80**?

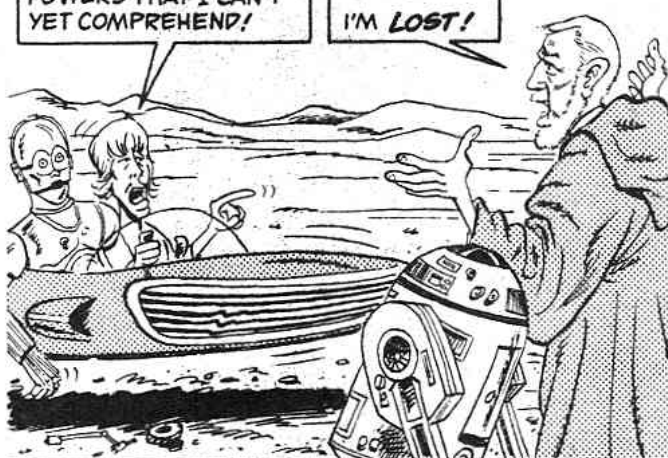
HE DOESN'T MIND TENDING  
CROPS AND SWEEPING UP--  
BUT HE JUST **WON'T** DO WINDOWS!



THERE HE IS WITH OLD  
**BUM OXI-WAN FENOKEE**,  
A MAN WHO POSSESSES  
THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE  
UNIVERSE AND HAS  
POWERS THAT I CAN'T  
YET COMPREHEND!

BY THE WAY, **BUM**, WHY DO  
YOU LIVE WAY OUT HERE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF  
**NOWHERE**?

I'M **LOST**!



**R-TOOT'S** TAPES SAY THAT  
**PRINCESS LOONA** HAS BEEN  
CAPTURED BY MY ONE-TIME  
GREAT FRIEND, BUT NOW  
ARCH-ENEMY, **LORD BARF**!

WHAT **RUINED** YOUR GREAT  
FRIENDSHIP, **BUM**?

I'M NOT SURE, BUT  
IT MAY HAVE SOME-  
THING TO DO WITH  
THE **200 BARS** OF  
EXTRA-STRENGTH  
**DEODORANT SOAP**  
I GAVE TO HIM ON  
HIS 30th BIRTHDAY!



BE ALERT, **PUKE**!  
THE FORCE TELLS  
ME THERE IS  
**GREAT URGENCY**!

TO **SAVE**  
THE  
PRINCESS?

NO, TO  
FIND THE  
NEAREST  
**MEN'S ROOM**!



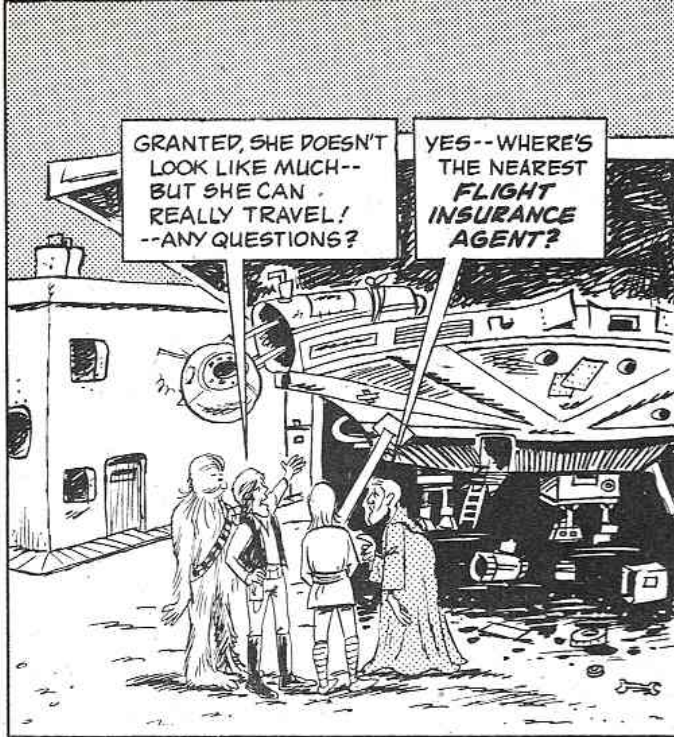
YOU WANT TO HIRE ME AND  
MY SHIP TO **SAVE** THE  
PRINCESS, RIGHT?--WELL IT'LL  
COST YOU **10,000 PAZUZZA'S**!  
**HAM SOLOW** DOESN'T COME **CHEAP**!

WE'LL  
GIVE  
YOU  
**39.50**

I ALSO HAVEN'T  
HAD A CUSTOMER  
IN THE LAST  
**TWO YEARS**!  
YOU'RE ON!

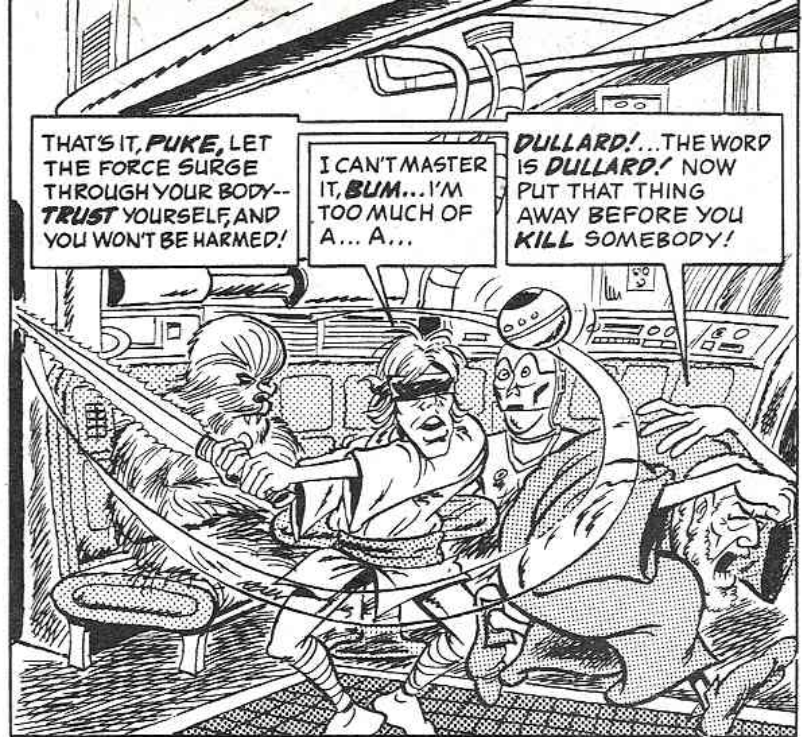






GRANTED, SHE DOESN'T  
LOOK LIKE MUCH--  
BUT SHE CAN  
REALLY TRAVEL!  
--ANY QUESTIONS?

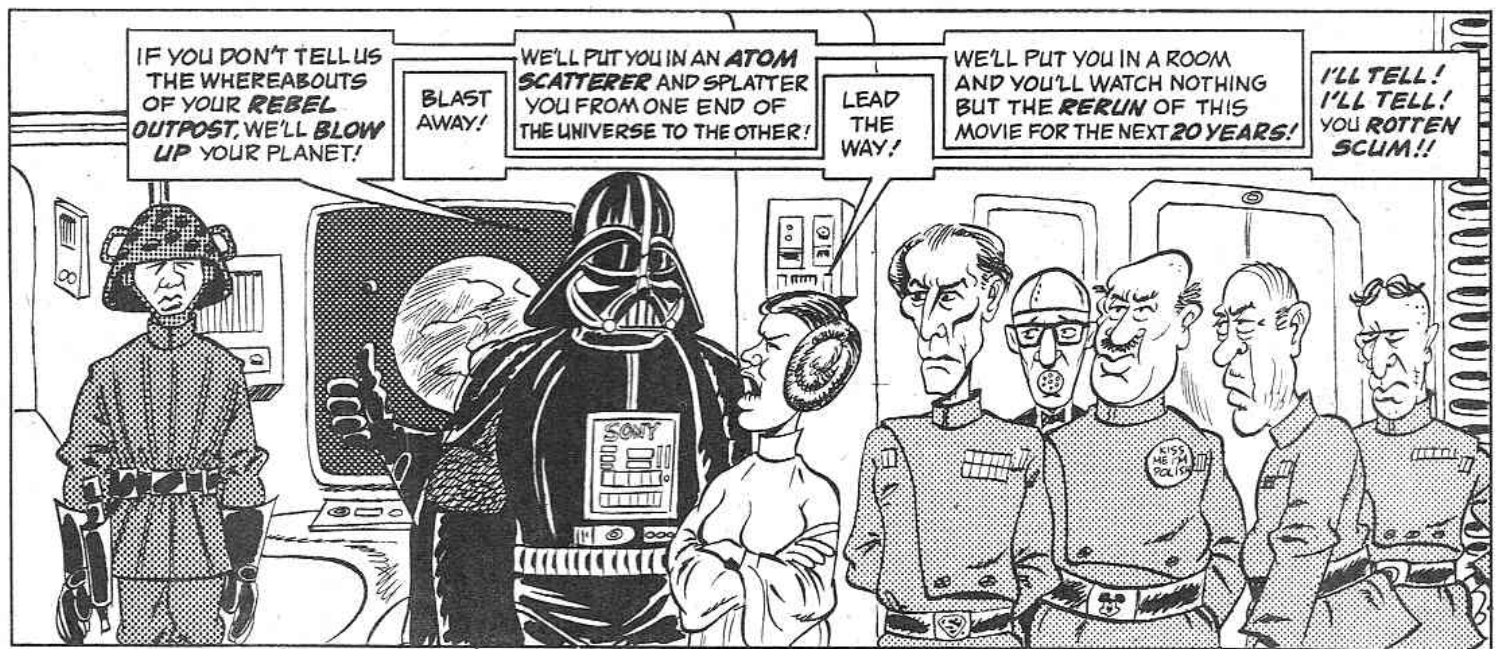
YES--WHERE'S  
THE NEAREST  
**FLIGHT  
INSURANCE  
AGENT?**



THAT'S IT, **PUKE**, LET  
THE FORCE SURGE  
THROUGH YOUR BODY--  
**TRUST** YOURSELF, AND  
YOU WON'T BE HARMED!

I CAN'T MASTER  
IT, **BUM**... I'M  
TOO MUCH OF  
A... A...

**DULLARD!**...THE WORD  
IS **DULLARD!** NOW  
PUT THAT THING  
AWAY BEFORE YOU  
**KILL SOMEBODY!**



IF YOU DON'T TELL US  
THE WHEREABOUTS  
OF YOUR **REBEL  
OUTPOST**, WE'LL **BLOW  
UP** YOUR PLANET!

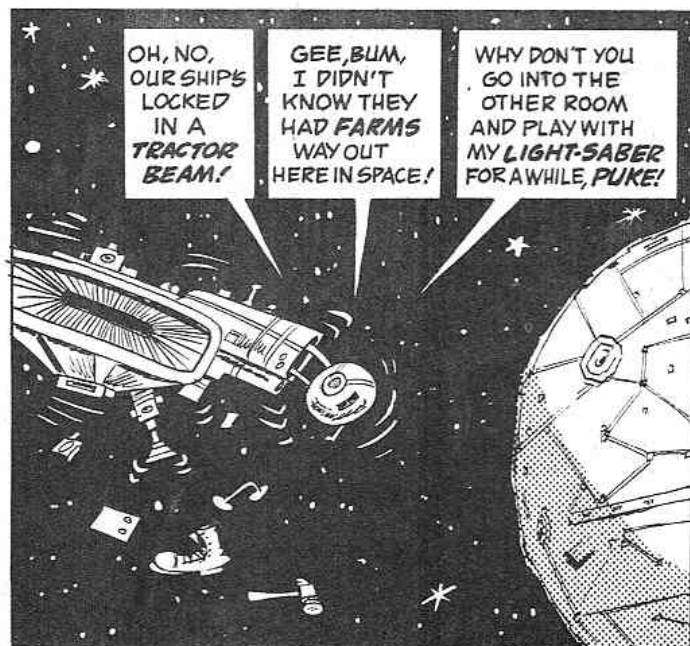
**BLAST  
AWAY!**

WE'LL PUT YOU IN AN **ATOM  
SCATTERER** AND SPLATTER  
YOU FROM ONE END OF  
THE UNIVERSE TO THE OTHER!

**LEAD  
THE  
WAY!**

WE'LL PUT YOU IN A ROOM  
AND YOU'LL WATCH NOTHING  
BUT THE **RERUN** OF THIS  
MOVIE FOR THE NEXT **20 YEARS!**

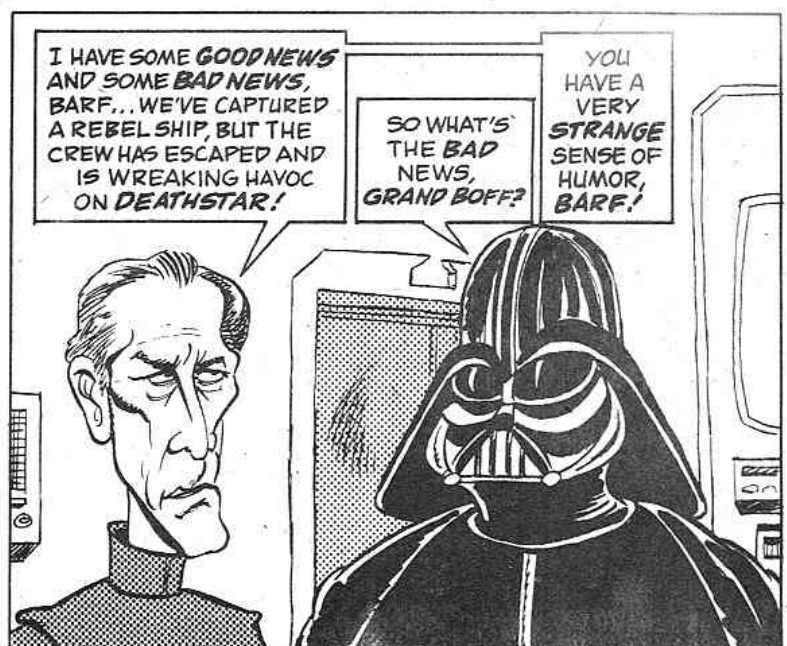
**I'LL TELL!  
I'LL TELL!  
YOU ROTTEN  
SCUM!!**



OH, NO,  
OUR SHIPS  
LOCKED  
IN A  
**TRACTOR  
BEAM!**

GEE, **BUM**,  
I DIDN'T  
KNOW THEY  
HAD **FARMS**  
WAY OUT  
HERE IN SPACE!

WHY DON'T YOU  
GO INTO THE  
OTHER ROOM  
AND PLAY WITH  
MY **LIGHT-SABER**  
FOR AWHILE, **PUKE!**



I HAVE SOME **GOOD NEWS**  
AND SOME **BAD NEWS**,  
**BARF...** WE'VE CAPTURED  
A REBEL SHIP, BUT THE  
CREW HAS ESCAPED AND  
IS WREAKING HAVOC  
ON **DEATHSTAR!**

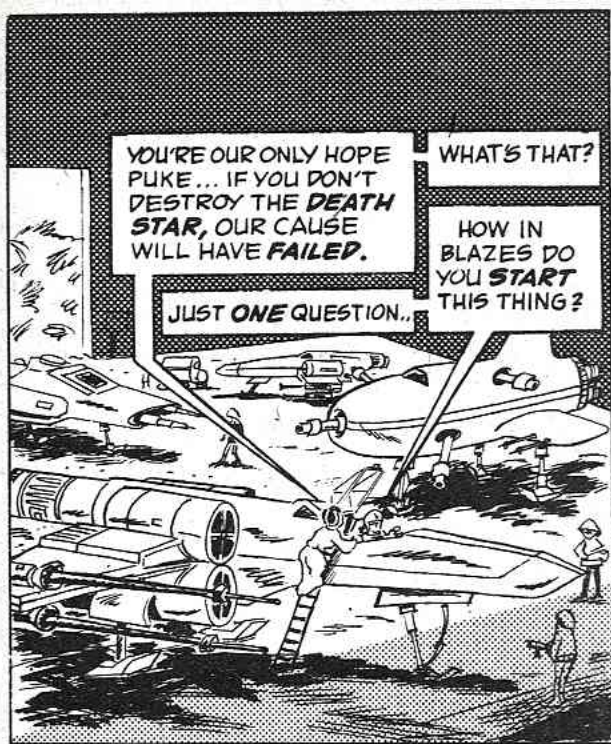
SO WHAT'S  
THE **BAD  
NEWS**,  
**GRAND BOFF?**

YOU  
HAVE A  
VERY  
**STRANGE  
SENSE OF  
HUMOR,  
BARF!**









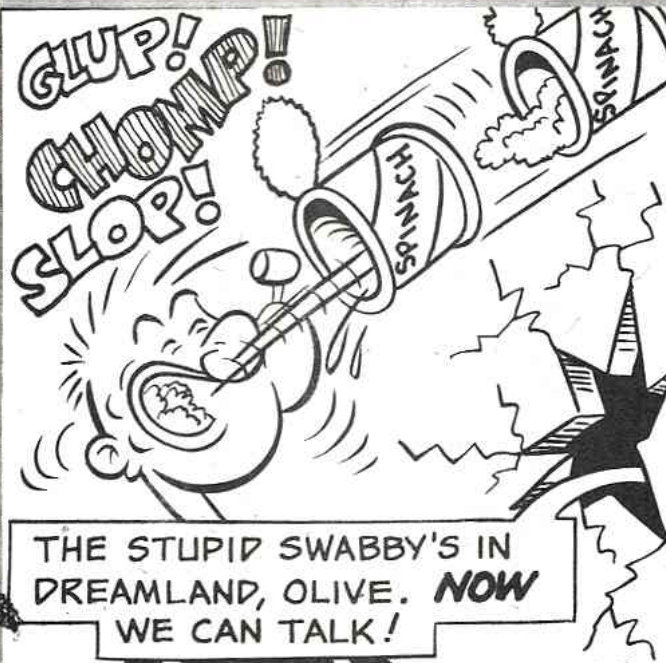
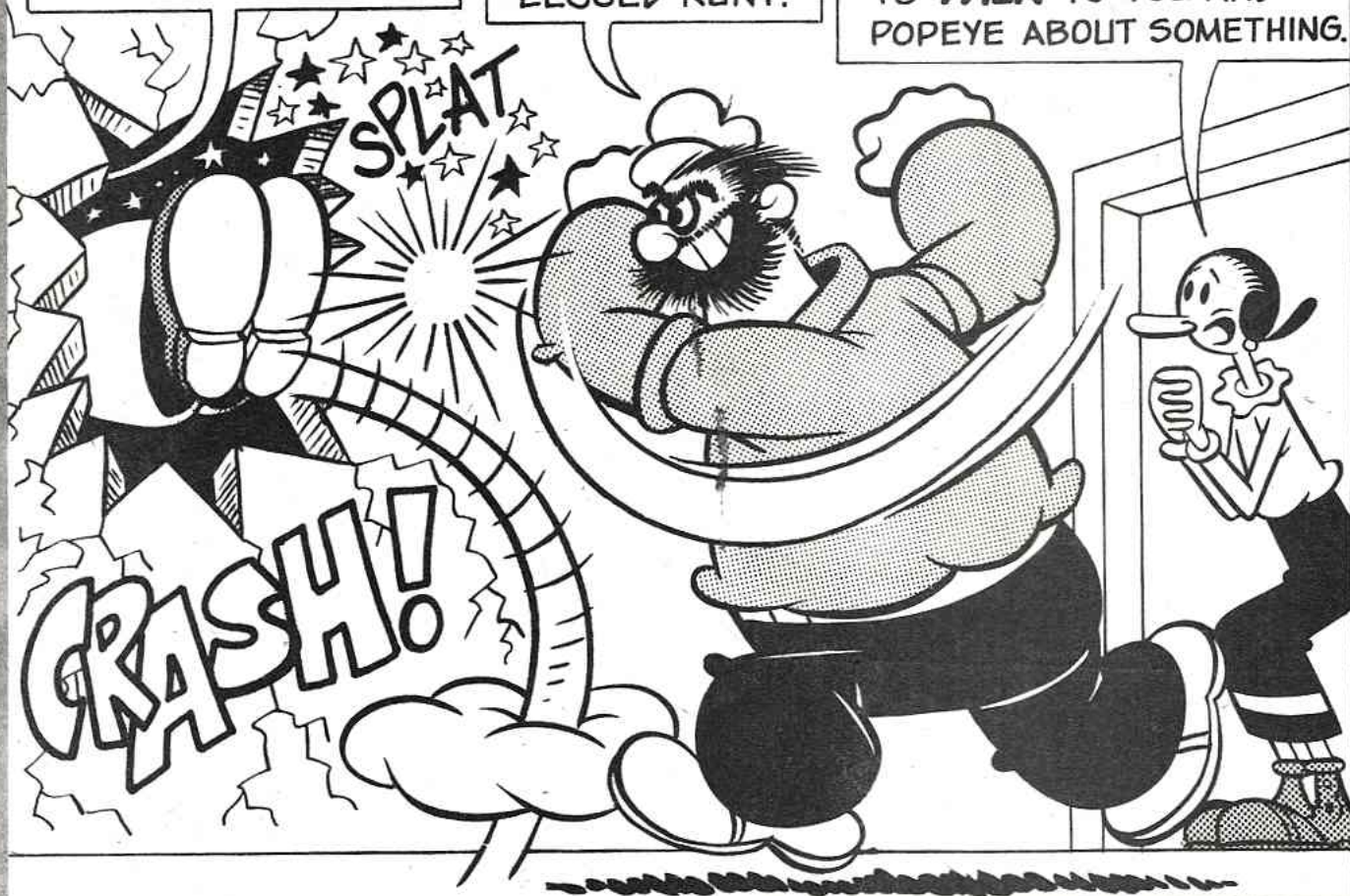


# PEACE is WUNNERFUL!

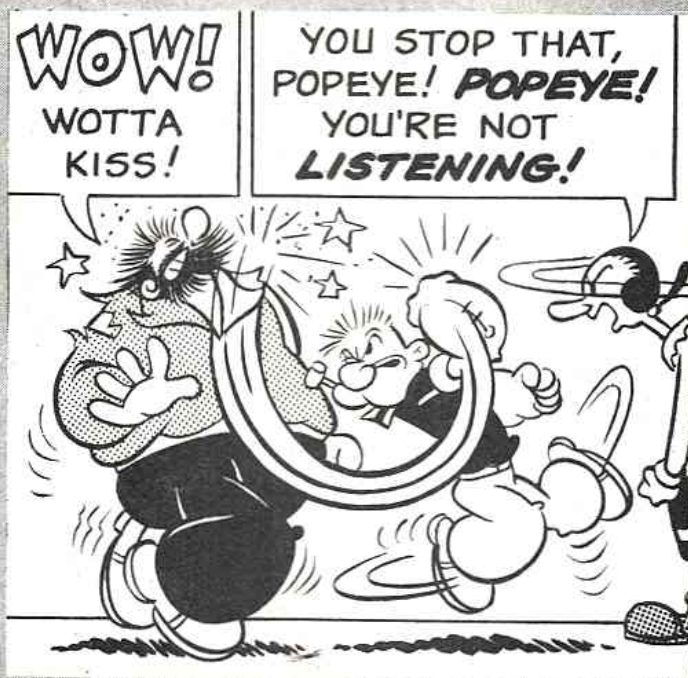
OLIVE IS ME GOIL,  
BRU--  
MMMPPHHH!

SHE'S *MINE*,  
YOU SQUINCH-  
EYED, FAT-  
LEGGED RUNT!

BOYS, BOYS! PLEASE  
STOP FIGHTING! SHAME  
ON YOU, BRUTUS. I WANTED  
TO *TALK* TO YOU AND  
POPEYE ABOUT SOMETHING.









YA WANTS TER TELL  
ME I IS YER SWEET  
PATOOTIE, RIGHT,  
OLIVE?

NOT  
**EXACTLY,**  
POPEYE!



THAT'S OUR GIG, OLIVE. WITHOUT  
FIGHTIN', WE'LL BE OUTA **WORK!**

THE ONLIEST THING  
I KNOWS IS HOW  
TO BEAT UP  
BRUTUS.

**VIOLENCE  
IS OUT!**



I WANT TO TELL YOU THERE'S TOO  
MUCH **VIOLENCE** IN THIS COMIC  
STRIP! FROM NOW ON, THERE'LL BE  
**NO MORE  
FIGHTING!**

**HUH?**



**BUT WHAT'LL  
WE DO??**

IT'S YOUR FAULT, YA ONE-EYED  
SWABBY! YOU START FIGHTS 'CAUSE  
YOU'RE **JEALOUS** OF MY GOOD LOOKS!

I IS GONTER LAY YA AMONG  
THE SWEETPEAS, BRUTUS!



**OH, NO!**



**WHO SEZ?**



**ME!**

**POW!**









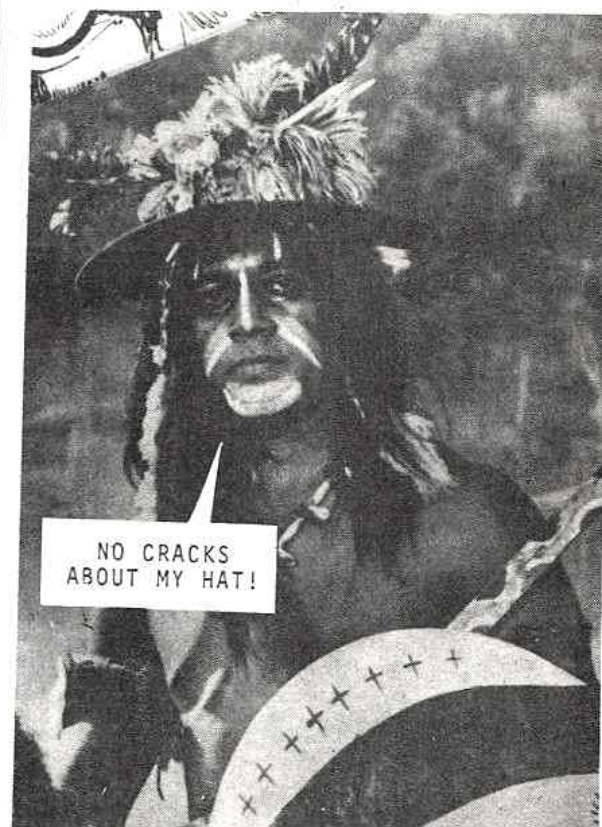
WILL SOMEBODY  
START THE  
BIDDING?



THE DAGGER  
IS MIGHTIER  
THAN THE SWORD!



FOR TWO EGGS  
AND A  
CHOCOLATE  
BAR?

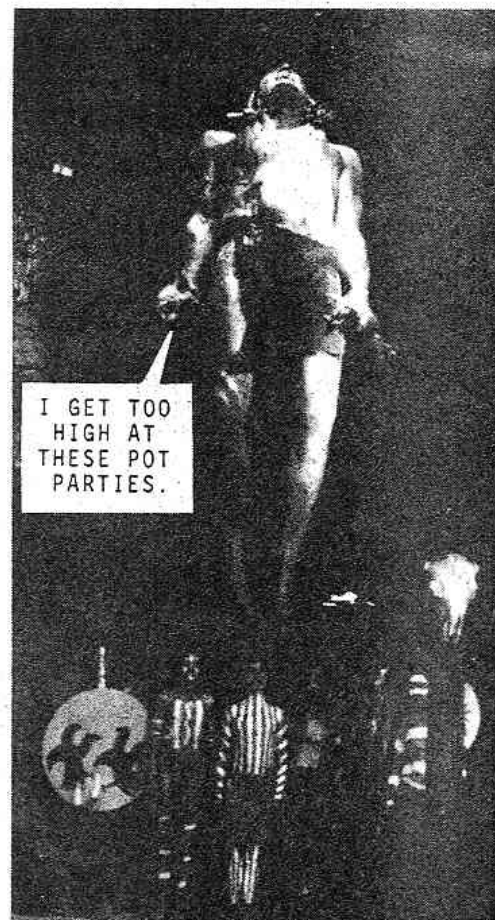


NO CRACKS  
ABOUT MY HAT!

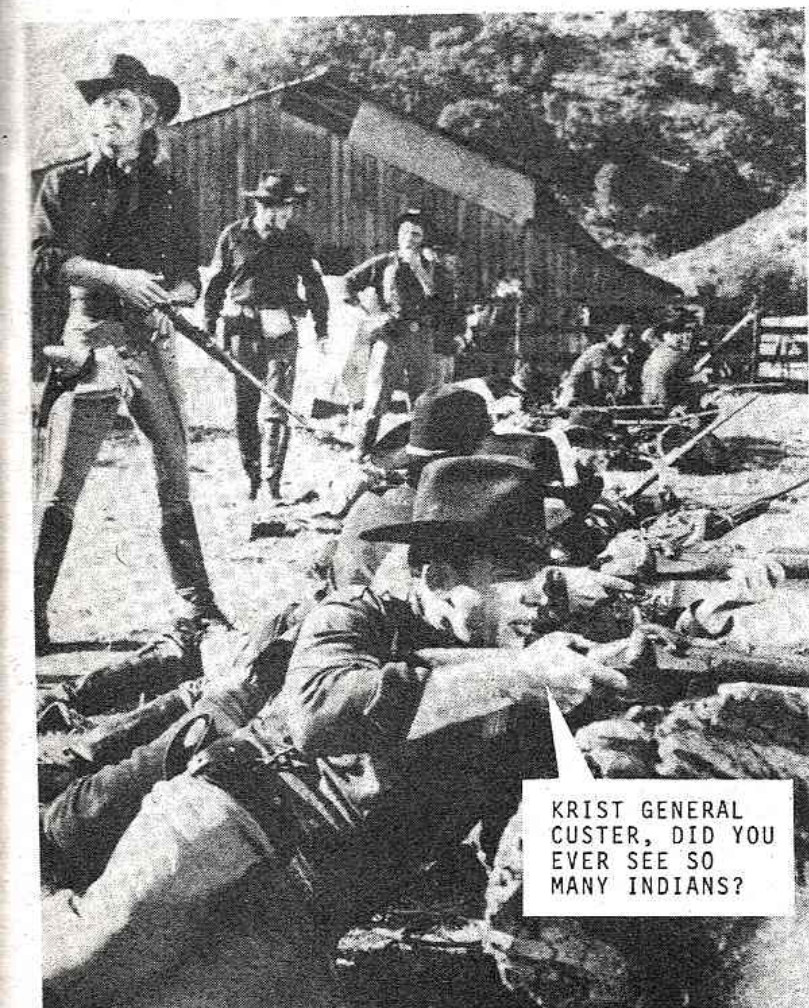




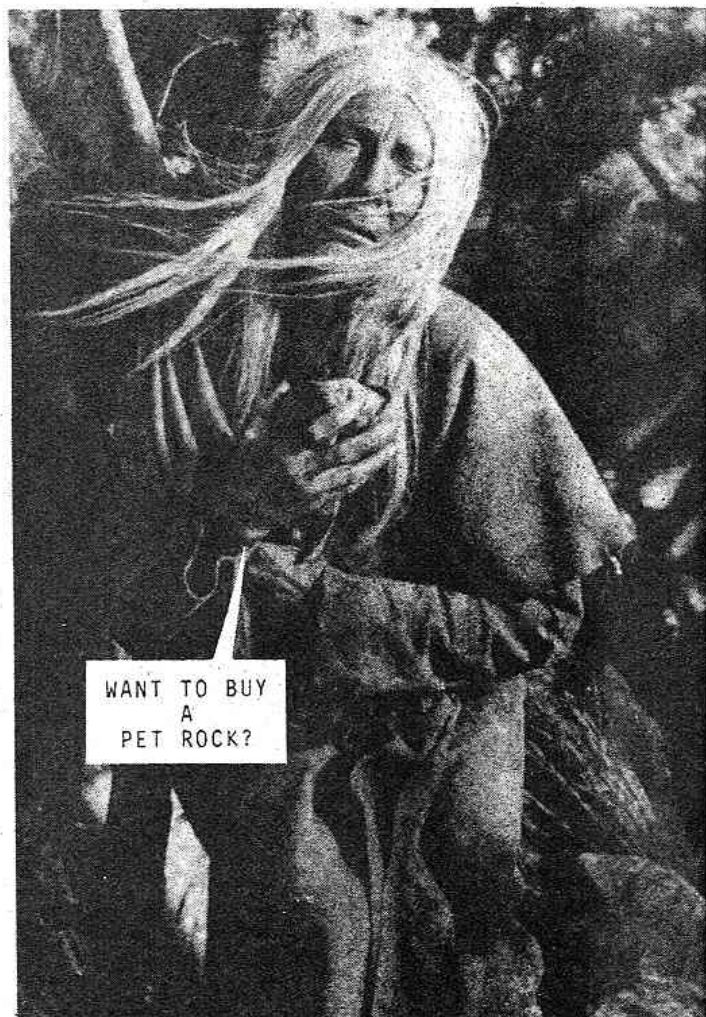
GO AHEAD! DUKE,  
HIT A LADY.



I GET TOO  
HIGH AT  
THESE POT  
PARTIES.



KRIST GENERAL  
CUSTER, DID YOU  
EVER SEE SO  
MANY INDIANS?



WANT TO BUY  
A  
PET ROCK?



# CASEY

## At The Contract Talks!



THE BARGAINING WAS DISMAL FOR THE MUDVILLE BRASS THAT DAY, THE BATBOY AND THE BALLGIRL ASKED A MILLION EACH TO PLAY,



AND SO, WHEN COONEY ASKED FOR NINE, AND BURROWS SEVENTEEN, A DEATHLY PALLOR FELL UPON THE OWNERS OF THE TEAM.



A WORRIED FEW SOLD ALL THEIR STOCK AT ONCE. THE OTHER EIGHT HELD CLOSE TO THE IDEALS THAT HELPED TO MAKE THIS COUNTRY GREAT;



"IF CASEY'D INK A PACT FOR TWENTY THOUSAND," SAID THE VEEP, "THE OTHER CLODS WOULD FALL IN LINE, WITH CASEY WORKING CHEAP!"





BUT FLYNN HAD SIGNED FOR THIRTEEN MILLION, JIMMY BLAKE FOR EIGHT, AND THE FORMER GOT THE NETWORK RIGHTS, THE LATTER, HALF THE GATE;



AND SO, UNLESS HE SIGNED WHILE DRUNK, THERE SEEMED BUT LITTLE CHANCE THAT CASEY'D LEAVE THE OWNERS IN POSSESSION OF THEIR PANTS.



THEN FLYNN WALKED IN UPON THE OWNERS, STEWED JUST LIKE A PRUNE, AND BLAKE, WHO CAME BEHIND HIM, NEARLY POURED INTO THE ROOM:



THE OWNERS PRAYED THAT CASEY'D GOTTEN DRUNK WITH THEM THAT DAY; HE'D SIGN FOR BEANS IF HE WERE ONLY HALF AS CROCKED AS THEY!

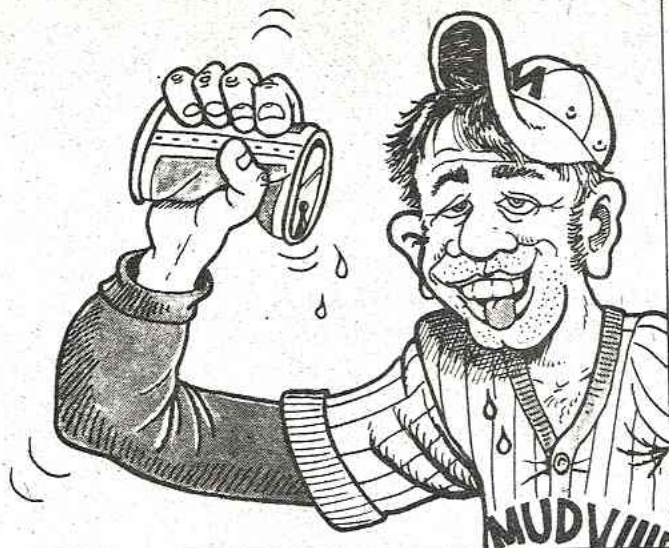


THEN FROM THE EIGHT REMAINING OWNERS ROSE A LUSTY SHOUT, IT RATTLED OFF THE CHECKBOOKS AND IT KNOCKED THE CASH ABOUT,



IT SENT THE STACK OF SILVER INGOTS FALLING TO THE FLOOR, AS CASEY, GLOWING LIKE A LIGHTHOUSE, STUMBLERED THROUGH THE DOOR!





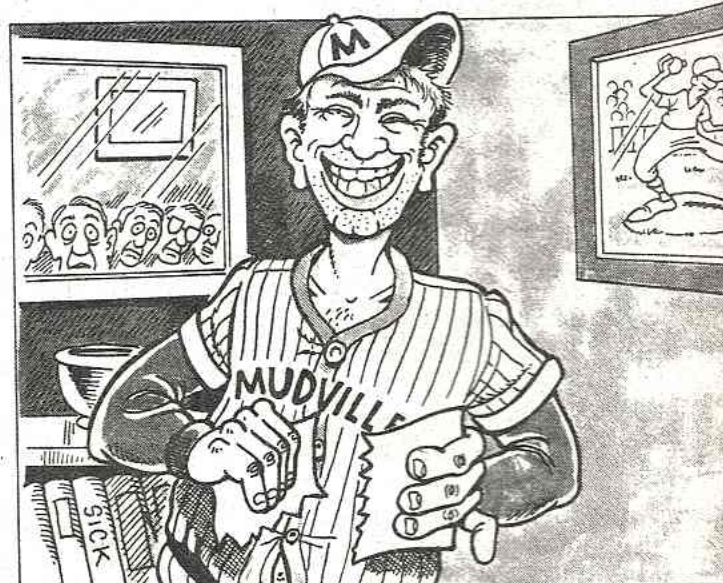
THERE WAS EASE IN CASEY'S STYLE AS HE GUZZLED DOWN HIS BEER. THERE WAS BOURBON LEAKING FROM HIS MOUTH, AND VODKA FROM HIS EAR,



AND WHEN HE SNEEZED AND SPRAYED A QUART OF BIACOBAZZI WINE, NO OWNER IN THE ROOM COULD DOUBT THEY'D MAKE THE SUCKER SIGN.



THE OWNERS GRIN MALIGNLY AS THEY HAND HIM PEN AND INK. CASEY SMILES BACK AT THEM AND FINISHES



AND NOW HE PICKS THE CONTRACT UP, AND TEARS THE SHEET IN HALF, AND NOW THEIR NOSTRILS SIZZLE FROM THE SMELL OF CASEY'S LAUGH!



OH! SOMEWHERE IN THE BASEBALL WORLD THE MONEY'S ROLLING IN, AND SOMEWHERE TEAMS HAVE SELLOUT CROWDS, AND SOMEWHERE PENNANTS WIN;



AND SOMEWHERE OWNERS ROLL IN DOUGH AND SATURATE THEIR BANKS, BUT THERE IS NO JOY IN MUDVILLE-- CASEY SIGNED UP WITH THE YANKS.



OUR INTREPID REPORTER  
WHO WITHOUT DOUBT IS  
WITHOUT FEAR AND  
WITHOUT CLOTHES...

# CHER D'FLOWER

**RRING!**

OOOH! ALL  
RIGHT I'M  
AWAKE!

I'LL SWITCH ON  
THE LOUD SPEAKER.

HOW WAS MY  
FIRST WORKING  
DAY AT "SICK"  
MAGAZINE?

VERTICAL!  
SENT ME RIGHT  
TO MY SHRINK  
AFTER WORK!

I THOUGHT THE DAY  
WOULD BE A TOTAL  
LOSS UNTIL I MET  
THIS FELLOW...

AT THE LIBRARY, DUMMY,  
WHERE THEY SENT ME TO  
RESEARCH ANTIQUITY.

WHAT? ANTIQUITY!

YES!.. IT COULD  
BE A NEW NAME FOR  
FOOLING AROUND..

...BUT  
IT AIN'T!









GETTING  
OUT  
OF THE  
LIBRARY  
WASN'T  
EASY, NOT  
ALL OF  
THOSE  
PEOPLE  
ARE  
LOOKING  
FOR  
BOOKS!



ON THE WAY BACK TO  
WORK THIS TAXI  
DRIVER ASKED ME IF  
I THOUGHT "SICK"  
WAS PRIVY TO COM-  
MENT ON, OR LAUGH  
AT THE NATION'S  
AFFAIRS?

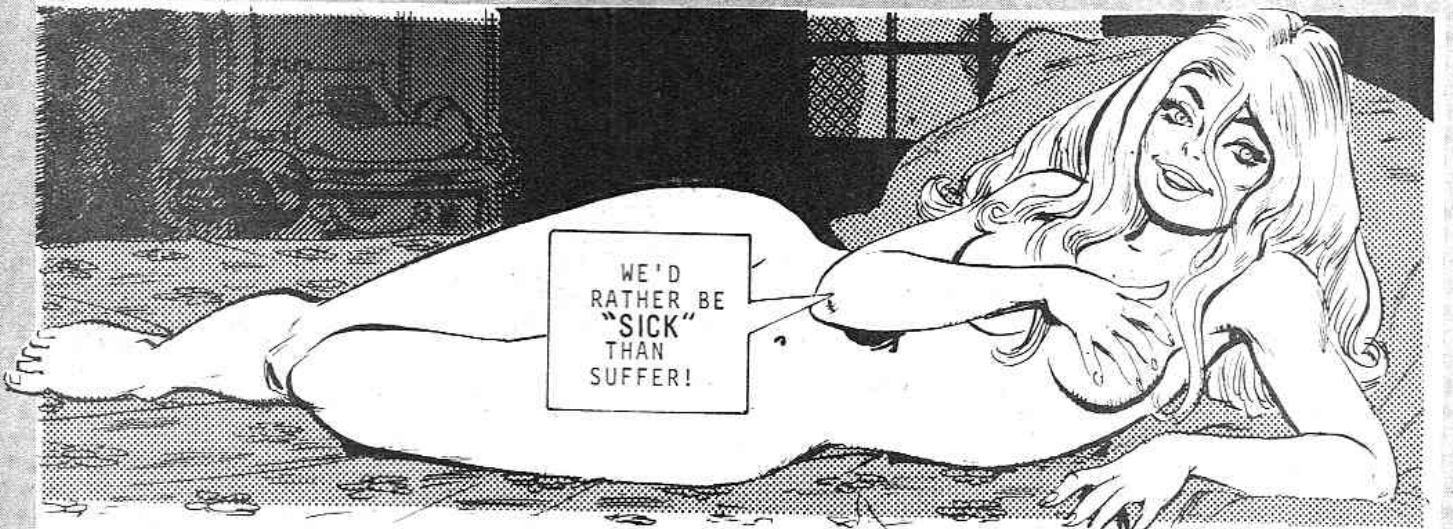


WELL, I TOLD HIM....  
PEOPLE HAVE AFFAIRS  
... NATIONS HAVE  
ORGIES!



...AND IF WE DON'T  
LAUGH AT, OR  
RIDICULE, SAID  
HAPPENINGS...

...WE'RE ALL  
CARDIAC  
CANDIDATES!



WE'D  
RATHER BE  
"SICK"  
THAN  
SUFFER!



# SICK

*is a*

*"sugar free"*

*magazine*

We'd like to thank you  
for getting SICK!

And you can keep on  
getting SICK ...JUST SUBSCRIBE!

Can any PRESCRIPTION  
be simpler than that?



**"WE AIN'T HARDLY  
SWEET TO  
NOBODY!"**



CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER





